Aleister Crowley's Rites of Eleusis

| Introduction | Saturn | Jupiter | Mars | Sol | Mercury | Venus | Luna |

An Introduction:

"We are the Poets! We are the children of the wood and stream, of mist and mountain, of sun and wind! We are the Greeks! and to us the rites of Eleusis should open the doors of heaven, and we shall enter in and see God face to face...

Under the stars will I go forth, my brothers, and drink of that lustral dew: I will return, my brothers, when I have seen God face to face and read within those eternal eyes the secret that shall make you free.

Then will I choose you and test you and instruct you in the Mysteries of Eleusis, oh ye brave hearts, and cool eyes, and trembling lips! I will put a live coal upon your lips, and flowers upon your eyes, and a sword in your hearts, and ye also shall see God face to face.

Thus shall we give back its youth to the world, for like tongues of triple flame we shall look upon the Great Deep- Hail unto the Lords of the groves of Eleusis!"

Aleister Crowley in "Eleusis"

In order to induce this religious ecstasy in its highest form Crowley proposes to hold a series of religious services; seven in number. These services are to be held at Caxon Hall, Westminster, and will be conducted by Aleister Crowley himself, assisted by other Neophytes of the A.A., the mystical society,.... (not the common group now using these same letters)

The seven services will be typical of Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man, and each one will be dedicated to the Planet that rules its particular age. For example, Saturn "the lean and slippered pantaloon," or sad old age. Jupiter the solemn and portentous justice, the serious and serene man who has arrived and controls. Mars the soldier, full of energy and life, vigorous and formidable. Sol the man who has still something of his youth left, and is gay betimes and serious betimes, the man who loves and the man who works. Venus explains itself in Shakespeare's words "the lover with a woeful ballad." Mercury the schoolboy, happy, careless and gay, mischievous and full of animal life. Luna the age of childhood and innocence, unsmirched and white as the planet herself.

Each will have its own ritual, arranged for the purpose of illustrating the particular deity to which it is devoted; each ritual will be both poetic and musical. Verses of the great poets appropriate to the planet and all that the planet represents will be recited, and the ideas suggested to the spectators will be translated into inspired music by a accomplished violin player. There will further be mystical dances by a brilliant young poet who thus draws down the holy influence."

We put the mind of the spectator in tune with the pure idea of austerity and melancholy which we call Saturn, or the idea of force and fire which we call Mars, or with the idea of nature and love which we call Venus, and so for the others. If he becomes identified with this one idea the union is one of ecstatic bliss, and its only imperfection is due to the fact that the idea in question, whatever it may be, is only partial. Ecstasy is therefore progressive. Gradually the adept unites himself with holier and higher ideas until he becomes one with the Universe. To him there is no more Death; time and space are annihilated; nothing is, save the intense rapture that knows no change for ever.

Let us add a short analysis of the present series of rites; they may be taken as illustrating Humanity, its fate both good and evil. Man, unable to solve the riddle of existence, takes council of Saturn, extreme old age. Such answer as he can get is the one word 'despair.'

Is there more hope in the dignity and wisdom of Jupiter? No; for the noble senior lacks the vigour of Mars the warrior. Counsel is in vain without the determination to carry it out. Mars, invoked, is indeed capable of victory: but he has already lost the controlled wisdom of age; in the moment of conquest he wastes the fruits of it, in the arms of luxury.

It is through this weakness that the perfected man, the sun is of dual nature, and his evil twin slays him in his glory. So the triumphant Lord of Heaven, the beloved of Apollo and the Muses is brought down into the dust, and who shall mourn him but his Mother Nature, Venus, the lady of love and sorrow? Well is it if she bears within her the secret of resurrection!

But even Venus owes all her charm to the swift messenger of the Gods, Mercury, the joyous and ambiguous boy whose tricks first scandalize and then delight Olympus. But Mercury, too, is found wanting. Not in him alone is the secret cure for all the woe of the human race. Swift as ever, he passes, and gives place to the youngest of the Gods, to the virginal Moon.

Behold her, Madonna-like, throned and crowned, veiled, silent, awaiting the promise of the future. She is Isis and Mary, Istar and Bhavani, Artemis and Diana. But Artemis is still barren of hope until the spirit of

the Infinite All, Great Pan, tears asunder the veil and displays the hope of humanity, the Crowned Child of the Future. All this is symbolized in the holy rites which we have recovered from the darkness of history, and now in the fullness of time disclose that the world may be redeemed.

For the corruptible shall put on incorruptibility, the mortal shall put on immortality; my adepts shall walk crowned in the Gardens of the World, enjoying the breeze and the sunlight, plucking the roses and filling their mouths with ripe grapes. They shall dance in the moonlight before Dionysus, and delight under the stars with Aphrodite; yet they shall also dwell beyond all these things in the unchanged Heaven- Here and Now

-reprinted from 'The Sketch' of 24th Aug 1910

" Working on tradition, just as Wagner did when he took the old Norse Saga for his world drama, we find Saturn as a Black, Melancholy God, the devourer of his children. Ideas of Night, Death, Black Hellebore, Lead, Cypress, Tombs, Deadly Night-shade. All these things have a necessary connection with Saturn in the mind of anyone who has read the classics. The first condition of this rite is, then, to make the temple a kind of symbolic representation of the sphere of Saturn. So the representative of Saturn wears the Black Robe. The time is declared to be midnight (though, as a matter of fact, it is only twenty minutes past eight - this is an ordinary theatrical convention, and the masons will think of certain analogies in their own "Orgies"). If the Brethren are fed, it is "on the corpses of their children" as Saturn fed on his. If they drink, it is "Poppy-heads infused in blood" - symbols of sleep and death. Saturn further represents the earth, the plane of matter, humanity bounded by old age and death, humanity blindly groping after illumination and failing to get it.

-AC in 'The Rites of Eleusis. Their Origin and Meaning' Pub in 'The Bystander' Nov 23, 1910

This attention to occult and traditional symbolism was carried through by Crowley into the design and setting of the stage itself. Even the position of the characters at the opening of each Rite was, in conjunction with the props, representative of some piece of occult symbolism which Crowley felt to be appropriate. Thus the opening scene in The Rite of Saturn presented a cabbalistic diagram, that of Jupiter the 'Wheel of Fortune of the Tarot', Mars an astrological plan, and so on.

...it was the competence of the soloists that really carried the Rites, and accounted largely for whatever modest success they enjoyed. Leila Waddell with her violin, Crowley with his recitations, and (Victor) Neuburg with his dance, each seemed to capture some of that ecstasy of which Crowley spoke, and if any of it was transmitted to the audience it was through their enthusiasm. Victor Neuburg with his wild dance was, by popular consent, the most impressive of the performers. Untrained in any form of dance as such, Neuburg had either developed the performance spontaneously, or more likely evolved it from his observations of tribal 'trance dances'....

The competence of its soloists was not, however, enough to make a success of the Rites. Already weakened by inadequate financial backing and haste of preparation, they were crushed altogether under the weight of hostile criticism. Rather then making a profit for the A.A., as Crowley had intended, the performances probably scarcely covered costs.

What is certain is that the Rites of Eleusis Stand as a (largely forgotten) landmark in the histories of both the occult and the theatre. Half a century before the 'experimental theatre' of the sixties and the seventies, Crowley and his small band were pioneering a form of theatre with transcendental manipulations and a level of audience involvement until then undreamed of. ...'ahead of its time' The Rites of Eleusis.... ...accordingly suffered the usual fate of the boldly experimental.

-Quotes from Keith Richmond in 'The Rites of Eleusis' Pub by Mandrake Press 1990

Leila Waddell

Public performances of the Rites in 1910 @ Caxton Hall
Scripts:

The Rite of Saturn: Oct 19th **The Rite of Jupiter: Oct 26th**
The Rite of Mars: Nov 2nd **The Rite of Sol: Nov 9th**
The Rite of Venus: Nov 16th **The Rite of Mercury: Nov 23rd**
The Rite of Luna: Nov 30th

THE RITE OF SATURN

THE OFFICERS OF THE TEMPLE

MAGISTER TEMPLI, the representative of Binah, Saturn.

MATER COELI, Venus in Libra, the house of Saturn's exaltation.

BROTHER AQUARIUS, the house of Saturn; in Chesed, because Pisces is water: Hope.

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS, in the throne of Capricornus, the house of Saturn; in Geburah, because Mars is exalted therein. He is Mars in Capricornus.

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS, or CHORAGOGE.

SCENE. --- In the East is a veiled shrine, containing an altar. To its Chokmah, Binah, Chesed, and Geburah are M. T., M. C., Bro. A., and Bro. C. respectively. Bro C. E. is disguised as an ordinary member of the garrison.
THE RITE OF SATURN
PART I

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS enters and turns off Blue light. Red lamps are brought in by BROTHER CAPRICORNUS and the LEADER OF THE CHORUS. First the Temple is lighted by two red lamps. PROBATIONERS chant the Capricornus and Aquarius sections from Liber DCCCCLXIII (963; also called "The Treasure-House of Images".) while others wait without in darkness. Red lights are then hidden within veil. BROTHER CAPRICORNUS turns on the Blue light. The Temple being in darkness, and the assistants seated, let BROTHER CAPRICORNUS arise from his throne, and knock thrice with his spear-butt upon the floor. MAGISTER TEMPLI in the shrine, with MATER COELI.

CAPRICORNUS

Procul, O procul este profani!

He performs the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. He next lights the hell-broth and recites:

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

Even as the profane hand
Reacheth to the sacred sand,
Fire consumes him that his name be forgotten in the land.

Even as the wicked eye
Seeks the mysteries to spy,
So the blindness of the gods takes his spirit: he shall die.

Even as the evil priest,
Poisoned by the sacred feast,
Changes by its seven powers to the misbegotten beast:

Even as the powers of ill,
Broken by the wanded will,
Shriek about the holy place, vain and vague and terrible:

Even as the lords of hell,
Chained in fires before the spell,
Strain upon the sightless steel, break not fetters nor compel:

So be distant, O profane!
Children of the hurricane!
Lest the sword of fire destroy, lest the ways of death be plain!

So depart, and so be wise,
Lest your perishable eyes
Look upon the formless fire, see the maiden sacrifice!

So depart, and secret flame
Burn upon the stone of shame,
That the holy ones may hear music of the sleepless Name!

Holy, holy, holy spouse
Of the sun-engirdled house,
With the secret symbol burning on thy multiscient brows! ....

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

CAPRICORNUS

Brethren, let us awaken the Master of the Temple.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS beats the tom-tom, and the other brethren clap and stamp their feet. No result.

Silence -- it is in vain! Brethren, let us invoke the assistance of the Mother of Heaven!

He goes to veil and reaches through with his hands.

MATER COELI

Passes through Throne of MAGISTER TEMPLI and enters the Temple.

Children, what is your will with me?

CAPRICORNUS

Mother of Heaven, we beseech thee to awaken the Master.

MATER COELI

What is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS

Mother of Heaven, it lacks a quarter of midnight.

MATER COELI

Be it unto your desire!

She plays. <Wieniawski: Kuyawiak> As she ends she kneels: the veil slowly parts, and MAGISTER TEMPLI is seen standing in shrine. He slowly enters Temple. MATER COELI returns to throne, having been blessed and raised by him.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Mother of Heaven, beloved of the Stars, wherefore hast thou awakened the Poison of Eld, the Dweller in Eternity?

MATER COELI

Shabbathai.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Comes down to hell-broth and recites "The Eyes of Pharaoh".

Dead Pharaoh's eyes from out the tomb
Burned like twin planets ruby-red.
Enswathed, enthroned, the halls of gloom
Echo the agony of the dead.

Silent and stark the Pharaoh sate:
No breath went whispering, hushed or scared.
Only that red incarnate hate
Through pylon after pylon flared.

As in the blood of murdered things
The affrighted augur shaking skries
Earthquake and ruinous fate of kings,
Famine and desperate destinies,

So in the eyes of Pharaoh shone
The hate and loathing that compel
In death each damned minion
Of Set, the accursed lord of Hell.

Yea! in those globes of fire there sate
Some cruel knowledge closely curled
Like serpents in those halls of hate,
Palaces of the Underworld.

But in the hell-glow of those eyes
The ashen skull of Pharaoh shone

White as the moonrays that surprise
The invoking Druse on Lebanon.

Moreover pylon shouldered round
To pylon an unearthly tune,
Like phantom priests that strike and sound
Sinister sistrons at the moon.

And death's insufferable perfume
Beat the black air with golden fans
As Turkis rip a Nubian's womb
With damascened yataghans.

Also the taste of dust long dead
Of ancient queens corrupt and fair
Struck through the temple, subtly sped
By demons dominant of the air.

Last, on the flesh there came a touch
Like sucking mouths and stroking hands
That laid their foul alluring smutch
Even to the blood's mad sarabands.

So did the neophyte that would gaze
Into dead Pharaoh's awful eyes
Start from incalculable amaze
To clutch the initiate's place and prize.

He bore the blistering thought aloft:
It blazed in battle on his plume:
With sage and warrior enfeoffed,
He rushed alone through tower and tomb.

The myriad men, the cohorts armed,
Are shred like husks: the ensanguine brand
Leaps like a flame, a flame encharmed
To fire the pyramid heaven-spanned

Wherein dead Pharaoh sits and stares,
Swathed in the wrappings of the tomb,
With eyes whose horror flits and flares
Like corpse-lights glimmering in the gloom

Till all's a blaze, one roar of flame,
Death universal, locked and linked: --
Aha! one names the awful Name --
The twin red planets are extinct.

A pause. The lamp burns out, and darkness covers all. LEADER OF THE CHORUS secretly removes hell-broth vase.

PART II

The Temple in Darkness

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1.<> Brother Aquarius, what is the time?

AQUARIUS

Midnight.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Brother Capricornus, what is the place?

CAPRICORNUS

The Fortress that is upon the Frontier of the Abyss.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Brothers Aquarius and Capricornus, is the Beloved with us?

AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS

The Mother of Heaven is enthroned.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!

Recites Swinburne's "Ilicet".

There is an end of joy and sorrow;
Peace all day long, all night, all morrow,
But never a time to laugh or weep.
The end is come of pleasant places,
The end of tender words and faces,
The end of all, the poppied sleep.

No place for sound within their hearing,
No room to hope, no time for fearing,
No lips to laugh, no lids for tears.
The old years have run out all their measure;
No chance of pain, no chance of pleasure,
No fragment of the broken years.

Outside of all the worlds and ages,
There where the fool is as the sage is,
There where the slayer is clean of blood,
No end, no passage, no beginning,

There where the sinner leaves off sinning,
There where the good man is not good.

There is not one thing with another,
But Evil saith to Good: My brother,
My brother, I am one with thee:
They shall not strive nor cry forever:
No man shall choose between them: never
Shall this thing end and that thing be.

Wind wherein seas and stars are shaken
Shall shake them, and they shall not waken;
None that has lain down shall arise;
The stones are sealed across their places;
One shadow is shed on all their faces,
One blindness cast on all their eyes.

Sleep, it is sleep perchance that covers
Each face, as each face were his lover's?
Farewell: as men that sleep fare well.
The grave's mouth laughs unto derision
Desire and dread and dream and vision,
Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell.

No soul shall tell nor lip shall number
The names and tribes of you that slumber;
No memory, no memorial.
"Thou knowest" -- who shall say thou knowest?
There is none highest and none lowest;
An end, an end, an end of all.

Good night, good sleep, good rest from sorrow,
To those that shall not have good morrow;
The gods be gentle to all these.
Nay, if death be not, how shall they be?
Nay, if there is help in heaven? it may be
All things and lords of things shall cease.

The stooped urn, filling, dips and flashes;
The bronzed brims are deep in ashes;
The pale old lips of death are fed.
Shall this dust gather flesh hereafter?
Shall one shed tears or fall to laughter,
At sight of all these poor old dead?

Nay, as thou wilt; these know not of it;
Thine eyes' strong weeping shall not profit,
Thy laughter shall not give thee ease;
Cry aloud, spare not, cease not crying,
Sigh, till thou cleave thy sides with sighing,
Thou shalt not raise up one of these.

Burnt spices flash, and burnt wine hisses,
The breathing flame's mouth curls and kisses

The small dried rows of frankincense;
All round the sad red blossoms smoulder,
Flowers colored like the fire, but coulder,
In sign of sweet things taken hence;

Yea, for their sake and in death's favor
Things of sweet shape and of sweet savor
We yield them, spice and flower and wine;
Yea, costlier things than wine or spices,
Whereof none knoweth how great the price is,
And fruit taht comes not of the vine.

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced bosom
Drips, reddening ruond the blood-red blossoms,
The slow delicious bright soft blood,
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flame had deadened
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,
Barren of balm and purple pleasure,
Fumes with no native steam of sleep.

Why will ye weep? what do ye weeping?
For waking folk and people sleeping,
And sands that fill and sands that fall,
The days rose-red, the poppied hours,
Blood, wine, and spice and fire and flowers,
There is one end of one and all.

Shall such an one lend love or borrow?
Shall these be sorry for thy sorrow?
Shall these give thanks for words or breath?
Their hate is as their loving-kindness;
The frontlet of their brows is blindness,
The armlet of their arms is death.

Lo, for no noise or light of thunder
Shall these grave-clothes be rent in sunder,
He that hath taken, shall he give?
he hath rent them: shall be bind together?
He hath bound them: shall he break the tether?
He hath slain them: shall he bid them live?

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,
Fate metes us from the dusty measure
That holds the date of all of us;
We are born with travail and strong crying,
And from the birth-day to the dying
The likeness of our life is thus.

One girds himself to serve another,
Whose father was the dust, whose mother
The little dead red worm therein;
They find no fruit of things they cherish;
The goodness of a man shall perish,
It shall be one thing with his sin.

In deep wet ways by gray old gardens,
Fed with sharp spring the sweet fruit hardens;
They know not what fruits wane or grow;
Red summer burns to the utmost ember;
They know not, neither can remember,
The old years and flowers they used to know.

Ah, for their sakes, so trapped and taken,
For theirs, forgotten and forsaken,
Watch, sleep not, gird thyself with prayer.
Nay, where the heart of wrath is broken,
Where long love ends as a thing spoken,
How shall thy crying enter there?

Though the iron sides of the old world falter
The likeness of them shall not alter
For all the rumor of periods,
The stars and seasons that come after
The tears of latter men, the laughter
Of the unalterable gods.

Far above the years and nations,
The high gods, clothed and crowned with patience
Endure through days of death-like date;
They bear the witness of things hidden;
Before their eyes all life stands chidden,
As they before the eyes of Fate.

Not for their love shall Fate retire,
Nor they relent for our desire,
Nor the graves open for their call.
The end is more than joy and anguish,
The lives that laugh and lives that languish,
The poppied sleep, the end of all.

MATER COELI plays accordingly. <Bach: Aria arr. for G string>

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Brother Aquarius, to what end are we assembled?

AQUARIUS

Rises and whispers in his ear

Shabbathai.

ALL aloud

Shabbathai.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Are the brethren fed?

AQUARIUS

Upon the corpses of their children.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Have they quenched their thirst?

AQUARIUS

Upon poppy-heads infused in blood.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

The raven has croaked.

AQUARIUS

The owl has hooted.

CAPRICORNUS

The bat has flapped its wings.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Then ...

Lights!

CAPRICORNUS switches on the blue glare.

1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS

1. Master, there are evil things abroad.

To CAPRICORNUS

Turn out the guard!

CAPRICORNUS

Brethren, stand to your arms!

All PROBATIONERS rise and follow him. He pricks all assistants with his spear, inspects doors, etc.

Master, every man is vigilant at his post. There is no alarm.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS

1. Master, there is a traitor within the gates.

To CAPRICORNUS

Inspect the garrison!

CAPRICORNUS

Brethren, purify your hearts!

He rises and looks into every eye. When he comes to BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS, he hales him forth by the hair, before the altar, and plunges his spear into him. He completes inspection. Returns and bows to MAGISTER TEMPLI.

Master, justice has been executed upon the traitor. Only the faithful remain.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

So perish all traitors!

CAPRICORNUS extinguishes light. A pause.

PART III

Darkness

AQUARIUS

Comes forward and kneels to MAGISTER TEMPLI.

Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

There was no crackling in the dried leaves.

CAPRICORNUS joins AQUARIUS kneeling.

AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS

Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

There was no heart in the black lamb.

All PROBATIONERS join AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS kneeling.

ALL

Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

The sacred python was found dead.

MATER COELI comes forward, kneels before MAGISTER TEMPLI, thus making the apex to the pyramid of petitioners, rises and plays her petition, <Schumann: Abendlied> then again kneels.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Let the ceremony proceed.

MATER COELI returns to her throne. AQUARIUS rises, and CAPRICORNUS returns to his post and lights the lamp.

AQUARIUS and all present dance wildly for joy to the sound of the tom-tom.

During the confusion BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS slips into the temple and hides behind the veil, where he removes his disguise and dons his dancing robe.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Silence!

A pause.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1.

AQUARIUS

1.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Holy be the Lamps of Joy!

AQUARIUS

Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow!

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Let us enter the ark of Increased Knowledge!

CAPRICORNUS

Hail, thou that sittest in the City of the Pyramids!

AQUARIUS

Hail, thou that art encamped upon the Great Sea!

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Hail, brethren!

CAPRICORNUS

Master, what is Increased Knowledge?

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Death.

AQUARIUS

Master, what is the Ark thereof?

MAGISTER TEMPLI

The grave.

AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS

Master, how shall we enter it?

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Arise and follow me!

He rises and circumambulates the temple widdershins. CAPRICORNUS plucks forth every third person and makes them follow him, continuing this process until one only is left. To this one MAGISTER TEMPLI addresses the allocution, as he hales him forth.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Thou also must die!

MAGISTER TEMPLI stops in E.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Brethren! let us humbly seek for help behind the veil!

He throws veil open, showing the empty shrine. BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS must have well dissimulated himself so that he is not discovered. MAGISTER TEMPLI draws veil again. CAPRICORNUS puts out light.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Alas! there is no God!

Returns to his throne. All move confusedly about wailing aloud.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

1. Silence.

All resume seats.

Behold, I declared it unto you and ye believed me not!

A pause.

PART IV

Darkness

AQUARIUS

In truth, master, the ceremony cannot proceed. There is no god in the shrine.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Brother Aquarius, let search be made.

AQUARIUS

Brother Capricornus, let search be made.

Light on. CAPRICORNUS enters veil and walks up and down. He returns. Lights off.

Brother Capricornus, what do you find?

CAPRICORNUS

Master, there is nothing but a little pile of dust.

AQUARIUS

There is no living thing therein?

CAPRICORNUS

There is no living thing therein.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Recites poem: "Colloque sentimental".

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two figures passed anon -- now mark!

Their eyes are dead, their lips are soft and grey;
One scarce can hear the words they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two ghosts evoke the past -- oh hark!

Dost thou remember our old ecstasy?
Why do you wish to remind me?

Does thy heart beat still at my name, and glow?
Seest thou my soul in dreams, dear? No.

Ah! the fair days of joyance and of gree
When our mouths kissed, ah hissed! Maybe!

How blue the sky was, as our hope was clear!
Hope has gone down to Hell's nadir.

So in the foolish alleys they conferred,
And only midnight overheard.

AQUARIUS

Master, it is not to be borne.

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!

Recites Swinburne's "The Garden of Proserpine".

Here, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;

I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter Than love's who fears to greet her

To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

MATER COELI plays accordingly. <Wieniawski: Légende>

CAPRICORNUS

Master, it is not to be borne!

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Mother of Heaven, let us work together!

MATER COELI

Behold thine handmaiden!

MAGISTER TEMPLI and MATER COELI go together hand in hand, within the veil. CAPRICORNUS turns light up. MATER COELI plays a Paean of despair. <Hauser: Wiegenlied>

MAGISTER TEMPLI

Rending veil, appears standing on altar.

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark!
O battling in black floods without an ark!
O spectral wanderers of unholy Night!
My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,
With bitter blood-drops running down like tears:
Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light!

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale!
Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail
And perish in your perishing unblest.
And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope
Of all our universe, with desperate hope
To find some solace for your wild unrest.

And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream,
That living Person conscious and supreme,
Whom we must curse for cursing us with life;
Whom we must curse because the life He gave
Could not be buried in the quiet grave,
Could not be killed by poison or by knife.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
To other beings, with their own time-doom

Infinite aeons are our kind began;
Infinite aeons after the last man
Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal laws,
Which never had for man a special clause
Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate:
If toads and vultures are obscene to sight,
If tigers burn with beauty and with might,
Is it by favour or by wrath of fate?

All substance lives and struggles evermore
Through countless shapes continually at war,
By countless interactions interknit:
If one is born a certain day on earth,
All times and forces tended to that birth,
Not all the world could change or hinder it.

I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse:
I find alone Necessity Supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;
A few short years must bring us all relief:
Can we not bear these years of labouring breath?
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.

Blow out red lights.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS runs out with tom-tom and dances wildly. At the conclusion AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS run up, tearing the veil asunder. BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS flings himself at foot of altar.

CHORAGOGE lights salt again, or other glare. MAGISTER TEMPLI is discovered lying dead, his head supported by MATER COELI weeping.

CAPRICORNUS extinguishes the light.

AQUARIUS draws the veil.

MATER COELI plays the final hopeless dirge. <Waddell: Marche Funèbre>

Silence.

AQUARIUS

Brother Capricornus, what is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS

Noon.

AQUARIUS

Let us depart; it is accomplished

Full light. CAPRICORNUS stands with drawn sword before the veil; the others escort the people out.

RITE OF JUPITER

OFFICERS

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO. Black Robe, Swastika

SPHINX. Green Robe, Violin and Sword

HERMANUBIS. Violet Robe, Caduceus

TYPHON. Red Robe, Prong two-forked, or Sword

HEBE & GANYMEDE. Cup-bearers and Dancers. White Robes.

The Temple represents the Wheel of Fortune of the Tarot. At its axle is the Altar on which

sits C.I.C.T. On the rim, S. at East spoke, H. at North-West, T. at South-West. Hebe and

Ganymede are seated at the feet of C.I.C.T. To the West of the Wheel is the Veil.

THE RITE OF JUPITER
PART I

C.I.C.T. - 1-333.

SPHINX - 22-22.

HEBE - Reads the Pisces Section from Liber DCCCCLXIII.

SPHINX - Brother Hermanubis, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

HERMANUBIS - 4444. Brother Typhon, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

TYPHON - draws aside veil as GANYMEDE begins his dance. Lights down.

HERMANUBIS

Welcome to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

Bear the bowls of Libation!
(done)

Be silent and secret! For it is by stealth that we are here assembled.

Know that Saturn hath been deceived, having swallowed a black stone, thinking it to be his son, the child Jupiter. But

Jupiter is here enthroned, and shall overthrow his father. Beware then lest ye break silence--until Jupiter be ready to

make war!

TYPHON

Him that speaketh will I slay forthright!
A long pause.

PART II

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO - 1.

SPHINX - 1.

HERMANUBIS - 1.

TYPHON - 1.

TYPHON

Hail unto thee, thou great god Hermanubis!

Art thou not the messenger of Jupiter?

HERMANUBIS

Hail unto thee, thou great god Typhon!

Art thou not the executor of his vengeance?

TYPHON

Brother Hermanubis, what is the hour?

HERMANUBIS

Noon. Brother Typhon, what is the place?

TYPHON

The summit of Olympus. Brother Hermanubis, what is thy position?

HERMANUBIS

Upon the rim of the Wheel. And Thine?

TYPHON

Upon the rim of the Wheel.

HERMANUBIS

Let us seek the centre of the Wheel.

They with SPHINX rise and walk, faster and faster round the rim, returning exhausted to their places.

TYPHON

Brother Hermanubis, we are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

HERMANUBIS

We are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

TYPHON

Hast thou no message from the Gods?

HERMANUBIS

None, brother. Let us seek an oracle of the Gods.

They rise and go round the rim, stopping and prostrating themselves before the SPHINX.

HERMANUBIS

Hail unto Thee, that hast the secret of Jupiter!

Declare unto us, we beseech Thee, the mystery whereby we may approach the centre of the wheel.

SPHINX plays a riddling sarcastic music. <Drdla: Serenade>

TYPHON goes to his place in terror.

HERMANUBIS goes to his place in wonderment.

SPHINX

Neither by sloth nor by activity may even my secret be attained.

Neither by emotion nor by reason may even I be understood. How then should ye come to the centre of the wheel?

HERMANUBIS

Mother of mystery, what is thy position on Olympus?

SPHINX

Upon the rim of the wheel.

Feeling, and thought, and ecstasy

Are but the cerements of Me.

Thrown off like planets from the Sun

Ye are but satellites of the One.

But should your revolution stop

Ye would inevitably drop

Headlong within the central Soul,

And all the parts become the Whole.

Sloth and activity and peace,

When will ye learn that ye must cease?

TYPHON

How should I cease from lethargy?

HERMANUBIS

How should I quench activity?

SPHINX

How should I give up ecstasy?

C.I.C.T

What shines upon your foreheads?

S,H,T

(together)

The Eye within the Triangle.

C.I.C.T

What burns upon your breasts?

S,H,T

(together)

The Rosy Cross.

C.I.C.T

Brethren of the Rosy Cross! Aspirants to the Silver Star! Not until these are ended can ye come to the centre of the wheel.

When the chill of earth black-breasted is uplifted at the glance

Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest blossoms dance

With the light that stirs and lustres of the dawn, and with the bloom

Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the hidden valley's gloom;

Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on the solemn ways

Of the immemorial places shut behind the starry rays;

Of the East and all its splendour, of the West and all its peace;

And the stubborn lights grow tender, and the hard sounds hush and cease.

In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries of death and birth,

In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew a heaven and earth,

Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling, ever dear,

Ever worth the passion glowing to distil a doubtful tear.

These are with me, these are of me, these approve me, these obey,

Choose me, move me, fear me, love me, master of the night and day.

These are real, these illusion: I am of them, false or frail,

True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's shadow-veil,

Till the Knowledge-Lotus flowering hides the world beneath its stem;

Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a counterpart in them

As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance of fear,

Laughs the looker to derision, only comes to disappear,

Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the glowing bud dissever:

Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and are nothingness for ever.

In the blessed, the enlightened, perfect eyes these visions pass,

Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened, leave no stain upon the glass.

One last stroke, O heart-free master, one last certain calm of will,

And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken and grow still.

Burn thou to the core of matter, to the spirit's utmost flame,

Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin sight and form and name!

Shatter, lake-reflected spectre; lake, rise up in mist to sun;

Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the Master's work is done.

Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful and sweet and strong,

Cleanse the world with light of healing in the ancient House of Wrong!

Free a million million mortals on the wheel of being tossed!

Open wide the mystic portals, and be altogether lost!
A pause.

SPHINX - 1.

HERMANUBIS - 1.

TYPHON - 1.

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO - 1.
A pause.

PART III

TYPHON

I desire to begin the banquet.

HERMANUBIS

Brother Typhon, I will inquire of the Oracle.

Mother of Mystery, I beseech thee to begin the Banquet; for it is certainly necessary that this should be done.
SPHINX turns, bows, and stretches her hands in mute appeal to C.I.C.T.

C.I.C.T - 1. I heed not the passion, or the reason, or the soul of man.

Mother of Mystery, declare my will.
SPHINX plays the most exalted (passionless because beyond passion) piece that she may. <Waddell: Samadilied>

HERMANUBIS

This means nothing to me.

TYPHON

I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T - 1.

Mother of Mystery, declare my mind.
SPHINX plays a cold, passionless, intellectual piece. <Brahms: Adagio>

HERMANUBIS

Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

TYPHON

I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T - 1.

Mother of Mystery, declare my heart.
SPHINX plays an intensely sensual passionate piece. <Wagner: Preislied>

TYPHON

Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

HERMANUBIS

Accursed! Accursed! be the soul of impurity, the body of Sin!

C.I.C.T - 1.

Irreconcilable, my children, how shall ye partake of the Banquet of Jupiter, or come to the centre of the wheel?

For this is the secret of Jupiter, that He who created you is in each of you, yet apart from all; before Him ye are equal, revolving in time and in Space; but he is unmoved and within.
A pause.

TYPHON - 1.

TYPHON recites.

Sweet, sweet are May and June, dear,

The loves of lambent spring,

Our lamp the drooping moon, dear,

Our roof, the stars that sing;

The bed, of moss and roses;

The night, as long as death!

Still, breath!

Life wakens and reposes,

Love ever quickeneth!

Sweet, sweet, when Lion and Maiden,

The motley months of gold,

Swoop down with sunlight laden,

And eyes are bright and bold.

Life-swelling breasts uncover

Their warm involving deep--

Love, sleep!--

And lover lies with lover

On air's substantial steep.

Ah! sweeter was Sepember--

The amber rain of leaves,

The harvest to remember,

The load of sunny sheaves.

In gardens deeply scented,

In orchards heavily hung,

Love flung

Away the days demented

With lips that curled and clung.

Ah! sweeter still October,

When russet leaves go grey,

And sombre lovers and sober Make twilight of the day.

Dark dreams and shadows tenser

Throb through the vital scroll,

Man's soul.

Lift, shake the subtle censer

That hides the cruel coal!

Still sweeter when the Bowman

His silky shaft of frost

Lets loose on earth, that no man

May linger nor be lost.

The barren woods, deserted.

Lose echo of our sighs--

Love--dies?--

Love lives--in granite skirted,

And under oaken skies.

But best is grim December,

The Goatish God his power;

The Satyr blows the ember,

And pain is passion's flower;

When blood drips over kisses,

And madness sobs through wine:--

Ah, mine!--

The snake starts up and hisses

And strikes and--I am thine!
He crouches at the feet of SPHINX toward C.I.C.T.

HERMANUBIS "recites."

HERMANUBIS - 1.

O coiled and constricted and chosen!

O tortured and twisted and twined!

Deep spring of my soul deep frozen,

The sleep of the truth of the mind!

As a bright snake curled

Round the Vine of the World!

O sleeper through dawn and through daylight,

O sleeper through dusk and through night!

O shifted from white light to gray light,

From gray to the one black light!

O silence and sound

In the far profound!

O serpent of scales as an armour

To bind on the breast of a lord!

Not deaf to the Voice of the Charmer,

Not blind to the sweep of the sword!

I strike to the deep

That thou stir in thy sleep!

Rise up from mine innermost being!

Lift up the gemmed head to the heart!

Lift up till the eyes that were seeing

Be blind, and their life depart!

Till the Eye that was blind

Be a lamp to my mind!

Coil fast all thy coils on me, dying,

Absorbed in the sense of the Snake!

Stir! leave the flower-throne, and up-flying!

Hiss once, and hiss thrice, and awake!

Then crown me and cling!

Flash forward--and spring!

Flash forth on the fire of the altar,

The stones, and the sacrifice shed;

Till the Three Worlds flicker and falter,

And life and her love be dead!

In mysterious joy

Awake--and destroy!
He crouches at the feet of SPHINX toward C.I.C.T.

SPHINX - 1.

C.I.C.T - 1.
SPHINX plays an enchantment. <Mendelssohn: Andante>

C.I.C.T - (recites.)

Lift up this love of peace and bliss,

The starry soul of wine,

Destruction's formidable kiss,

The lamp of the divine:

This shadow of a nobler name

Whose life is strife, whose soul is fame!

I rather will exalt the soul

Of man to loftier height,

And kindle at a livelier coal

The subtler soul of light.

From these soft splendours of a dream

I turn, and seek the Self supreme.

This world is shadow-shapen of

The bitterness of pain.

Vain are the little lamps of love!

The light of life is vain!

Life, death, joy, sorrow, age and youth

Are phantoms of a further truth.

Beyond the splendour of the world,

False glittering of the gold,

A Serpent is in slumber curled

In wisdom's sacred cold.

Life is the flaming of that flame.

Death is the naming of that name,

The forehead of the snake is bright

With one immortal star,

Lighting her coils with living light

To where the nenuphar

Sleeps for her couch. All darkness dreams

The thing that is not, only seems.

That star upon the serpent's head

Is called the soul of man.

That light in shadows subtly shed

The glamour of life's plan.

The sea whereon that lotus grows

Is thought's abyss of tears and woes.

Leave Sirenusa! Even Greece

Forget! they are not there!

By worship cometh not the Peace,

The Silence not by prayer.

Leave the illusions, life and time

And Death, and seek that star sublime,

Until the lotus and the sea

And snake no longer are,

And single through Eternity

Exists alone the Star,

And utter Knowledge rise, and cease

In that which is beyond the Peace!
GANYMEDE dances and falls as dead.

TYPHON

O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

HERMANUBIS

O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

SPHINX

O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

C.I.C.T

Let the banquet of Jupiter begin!
All go without veil, except C.I.C.T. and SPHINX. HERMANUBIS and TYPHON draw and guard the veil.

SILENCE.

C.I.C.T - 1-333.

SPHINX - 22-22.
HERMANUBIS and TYPHON draw veil. SPHINX is standing before altar.
C.I.C.T. has disappeared. He has donned a white robe, and panther-skin, and white and gold nemmes.
HERMANUBIS, TYPHON, and others return to their places. HERMANUBIS and TYPHON come forward and salute SPHINX.

TYPHON - 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

HERMANUBIS - 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?
SPHINX plays a triumphant melody. <Wieniawski: Obertass>

TYPHON

Brother Hermanubis, what is the place?

HERMANUBIS

The Summit of Mount Kithairon.

TYPHON

Procul, o Procul este viri!
All male probationers retire to back of stage.

TYPHON

Sisters, let us invoke the Father to manifest in the Son.

SPHINX

Per Spiritum Sanctum, Amen.
She also retires to her place on wheel.

MAENADS

Evoe! Evoe Ho! Iacche! Iacche!

TYPHON.

Hail, O Dionysus! Hail!

Winged Son of Semele!

Hail, O Hail! The stars are pale;

Hidden the moonlight in the vale;

Hidden the sunlight in the sea.

Blessed is her happy lot

Who beholdeth God; who moves

Mighty-souled without a spot,

Mingling in the godly rout

Of the many mystic loves.

Holy maidens, duly weave

Dances for the mighty mother

Bacchanal to Bacchus cleave!

Wave his narthex wand, and leave

Earthly Joys to earth to smother!

Io! Evoe! Sisters, mingle

In the choir, the dance, the revel!

He divine, the Spirit single,

He in every vein shall tingle.

Sense and sorrow to the devil!

Mingle in the laughing measure,

Hand and lip to breast and thigh!

In enthusiastic pleasure

Grasp the solitary treasure!

Laughs the untiring ecstasy!

Sisters! Sisters! Raise your voices

In the inspired divine delight!

Now the sun sets; now the choice is

Who rebels or who rejoices,

Murmuring to the mystic night.

Io! Evoe! Circle splendid!

Dance, ye maids serene and subtle!

Clotho's task is fairly ended.

Atropos, thy power is ended!

Ho, Lachesis! ply thy shuttle!

Weave the human dance together

With the life of rocks and trees!

Let the blue delirious weather

Bind all spirits in one tether,

Overwhelming ecstasies!

Io! Evoe! I faint, I fall,

Swoon in purple light; the grape

Drowns my spirit in its thrall.

Love me, love me over all,

Spirit in the spirit shape!

All is one! I murmur. Distant

Sounds the shout, Evoe, Evoe!

Evoe, Iacche! Soft, insistent

Like to echo's voice persistent:--

Hail! Agave! Autonoe!
TYPHON goes up stage.

AGAVE

Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Hail, O Hail!

Praise him! What dreams are these?

AUTONOE

Sisters, O sisters!

AGAVE

Say, are our brothers of the rocks awake?

AUTONOE

The lion roars.

MAENADS

O listen to the snake!

AUTONOE

Evoe, Ho! Give me to drink!

AGAVE

Run wild!

Mountain and mountain let us leap upon

Like tigers on their prey!

MAENADS

Crush, crush the world!

AGAVE

Tread earth as 'twere a winepress!

AUTONOE

Drink its blood,

The sweet red wine!

MAENADS

Ay, drink the old earth dry!

AGAVE

Squeeze the last drops out till the frame collapse

Like an old wineskin!

AUTONOE

So the sooner sup

Among the stars!

AGAVE

The swift, swift stars!

MAENADS

O night!

Night, night, fall deep and sure!

AUTONOE

Fall soft and sweet!

AGAVE

Moaning for love the woods lie.

AUTONOE

Sad the land

Lies thirsty for our kisses.

MAENADS

All wild things

Yearn towards the kiss that ends in blood.

AGAVE

Blood! Blood!

Bring wine! Ha! Bromius, Bromius!

MAENADS

Come, sweet God,

Come forth and lie with us!

AUTONOE

Us, maidens now

And then and ever afterwards!

AGAVE

Chaste, chaste!

Our madness hath no touch of bitterness,

No taste of foulness in the morning mouth.

AUTONOE

O mouth of ripe red sunny grapes! God! God!

Evoe! Dwell! Abide!

AGAVE

I feel the wings

Of love, of mystery; they waft soft streams

Of night air to my heated breast and brow.

MAENADS

He comes! He comes!

AGAVE

Silence, O girls, and peace!

The God's most holy presence asks the hymn,

The solemn hymn, the hymn of agony,

Lest, in the air of glory that surrounds

The child of Semele, we lose the earth

And corporal presence of the Zeus-begot.

AUTONOE

Yea, sisters, raise the chant of riot! Lift

Your wine-sweet voices, move your wine-stained limbs

In joyful invocation!

MAENADS

Ay, we sing.

AGAVE.

Hail, child of Semele!

To her as unto thee

Be reverence, be deity, be immortality!

Shame! treachery of the spouse

Of the Olympian house,

Hera! thy grim device against the sweet carouse!

Lo! in red roar and flame

Did Zeus descend! What claim

To feel the immortal fire had then the Theban dame!

Caught in that fiery wave,

Her love and life she gave

With one last kissing cry the unborn child to save.

And thou, O Zeus, the sire

Of Bromius--hunter dire!--

Didst snatch the unborn babe from that Olympian fire:

In thine own thigh most holy

That offspring melancholy

Didst hide, didst feed, on light, ambrosia, and moly.

Ay! and with serpent hair

And limbs divinely fair

Didst thou, Dionysus, leap forth to the nectar air!

Ay! thus the dreams of fate

We dare commemorate,

Twining in lovesome curls the spoil of mate and mate.

O Dionysys, hear!

Be close, be quick, be near,

Whispering enchanted words in every curving ear!

O Dionysys, start

As the Apollonian dart!

Bury thy horned head in every bleeding heart!

1ST MAENAD

He is here! He is here!

AUTONOE

Tigers, appear!

AGAVE

To the clap of my hand

And the whish of my wand,

Obey!

AUTONOE

I have found

A chariot crowned

With ivy and vine,

And the laurel divine,

And the clustering smell

Of the sage asphodel,

And the Daedal flower

Of the Cretan bower;

Dittany's force,

And larksupur's love,

And blossoms of gorse

Around and above.

AGAVE

The tiger and panther

Are there at my cry.

Ho, girls! Span there

Their sides!

IST MAENAD

Here am I.

2ND MAENAD

And I! We are ready.

AGAVE

Strong now and steady!

1ST MAENAD

The tiger is harnessed.

2ND MAENAD

The nightingale urges

Our toil from her far nest.

3RD MAENAD

Ionian surges

Roar back to our chant.

4TH MAENAD

Aha! for the taunt

Of Theban sages

Is lost, lost, lost!

The wine that enrages

Our life is enforced.

We dare them and daunt.

AGAVE

The spirits that haunt

The rocks and the river,

The moors and the woods,

The fields and the floods,

Are with us for ever!

1ST MAENAD

Are of us for ever.

Evoe! Evoe!

AUTONOE

Agave! He cometh!

AGAVE

Cry ho! Autonoe!

ALL

Ho! Ho! Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Evoe! Evoe!

AGAVE

The white air hummeth

With force of the spirit.

We are heirs: we inherit.

Our joys are as theirs;

Weave with your prayers

The joy of a kiss!

Ho! for the bliss

Of the cup and the rod.

He cometh! O lover!

O friend and O God,

Cover us, cover

Our faces, and hover

Above us, within us!

Daintily shod,

Daintily robed,

His witcheries spin us

A Web of desire.

Subtle as fire

He cometh among us.

The whole sky globed

Is on fire with delight,

Delight that hath stung us,

The passion of night.

Night be our mistress!

That tress and this tress

Weave with thy wind

Into curls deep-vined!

Passionate bliss!

Rapture on rapture!

Our hymns recapture

The Bromian kiss.

Blessed our souls!

Blessed this even!

We reach to the goals

Of the starriest heaven.

Daphnis, and Atthis, and Chrysis, and Chloe,

Mingle, O maidens! Evoe! Evoe!
C.I.C.T. rises upon the altar; he wears a white and gold robe and the panther skin, and a white and gold nemmes. Throwing off his veil and raising his hands in blessing, he recites:

C.I.C.T.

I bring ye wine from above,

From the vats of the storied sun;

For every one of ye love,

And life for every one.

Ye shall dance on hill and level;

Ye shall sing in hollow and height,

In the festal mystical revel,

The rapturous Bacchanal rite!

The rocks and trees are yours,

And the waters under the hill,

By the might of that which endures,

The holy heaven of will!

I kindle a flame like a torrent

To rush from star to star;

Your hair as a comet's horrent,

Ye shall see things as they are!

I lift the mask of matter;

I open the heart of man;

For I am of force to shatter

The cast that hideth--Pan!

Your loves shall lap up slaughter,

And dabbled with roses of blood

Each desperate darling daughter

Shall swim in the fervid flood.

I bring ye laugher and tears,

The kisses that foam and bleed,

The joys of a million years,

The flowers that bear no seed.

My life is bitter and sterile,

Its flame is a wandering star.

Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril

Across the mystical bar

That is set for wrath and weeping

Against the children of earth;

But ye in singing and sleeping

Shall pass in measure and mirth!

I lift my wand and wave you

Through hill to hill of delight;

My rosy rivers lave you

In innermost lustral light.

I lead you, lord of the maze,

In the darkness free of the sun;

In spite of the spite that is day's

We are wed, we are wild, we are one!
The lights go out and the company join in universal dance.

HERMANUBIS

Silence.

TYPHON

Silence.

C.I.C.T

1-333. The Secret of the Father is in the Secret of the Son.

SPHINX

22-22. And the Secret of the Son is in the Secret of the Holy Ghost.

GANYMEDE

4444. Gloria Patri.

HEBE

Et Filio.

TYPHON

Et Spiritui Sancto.

HERMANUBIS

Ut erat in Principio.

SPHINX

Et nunc est.

C.I.C.T

Et erit semper.

ALL

Amen.

SPHINX

Fasting.

HERMANUBIS

Song.

TYPHON

Feasting.

C.I.C.T.

Grace.

SPHINX

Music.

HERMANUBIS

Dancing.

TYPHON

Love.

C.I.C.T.

The End.

TYPHON draws the veil.

RITE OF MARS

OFFICERS

BROTHER SOL IN ARIES. White Robe, White and gold nemmes, Sceptre.

(MARS) BROTHER MARS. Red Robe, Sword.

(VENUS) SISTER SCORPIO. Green Robe, Violin, Sword.

(ATHENA) BROTHER ARIES. Violet Robe, Spear.

(VULCAN) BROTHER CAPRICORNUS. Black Robe, Tom-tom, Sword.

A guard of PROBATIONERS, armed.

Mars is throned in the South, Scorpio on his right, Aries on his left. In the East is also a veil, behind which is Sol in Aries. In the North is Capricornus, crouching, kept from the altar by the guard.

THE RITE OF MARS

> *Charcoal in censer alight. No incense. BROTHER SOL is concealed behind the veil in the East, enthroned upon the Altar. MARS, ARIES, and SCORPIO enthroned.*

BRO. CAPRICORNUS

4444-1.

BRO. ARIES

1-4444.

MARS *reads the Twelvefold Affirmation from 963*.

> *SOR. SCORPIO plays a short martial air. <Beethoven: Marsch>*
>
> *CAPRICORNUS draws aside veil, and admits Probationers and Guests.*
>
> *The voice of MARS is heard reciting the 91st Psalm of David.*

BRO. ARIES

Let the sacred perfume be kindled upon the Altar of Mars.

(Does so)

SOR. SCORPIO

Hail unto the Master of the Battle!

BRO. ARIES

Hail unto the Leader of the Armies of Jupiter!

BRO. CAPRICORNUS

Hail unto the Warrior of Eternity!

BRO. MARS

Hail, brethren!

CAPRICORNUS returns.

1. Let the Temple be purified and consecrated.

CAPRICORNUS does so.

1. Are the Brethren prepared?

BRO. ARIES

They are prepared, Master! They are drawn up in military array around the sacred altar.

BRO. MARS

1. Brother Capricornus, I command you to perform the Ritual of the Pentagram.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS

Fiat.

(does so)

BRO. MARS

1. Brother Aries, I command you to perform the Invocation of the Holy Fire.

BRO. ARIES

Fiat.

(goes to altar)

333. (erect). I swear by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between that I will not stir from this place until the fire of God hath flamed upon the water that is upon the altar.

(His face over lamp)

Dost thou hear, Brother Ash?

(Erect)

By Aub, the witchery of the secret flame;
By Aud, the subtlety of the inmost fluid;
By Aur, the effulgence of the radiant light;
I call thee, Ash! I adore thee, Ash!

(Over lamp)

Ash! Ash! Ash!

I caress thee! I kiss thee! I suck thee up into my mouth and nostrils!

Ohooatan! *(three times). (The water flames).*

Behold! the fire of God upon the altar as I have sworn by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between!

(returns to his throne).

BRO. MARS

1. Hail, sister of the Scorpion!

SOR. SCORPIO

Hail, Lord of the Eagle and the Serpent!

BRO. MARS

Amen. I appoint you to lead the army.

SOR. SCORPIO

Let us carry the holy symbols with sacred song and dance round the altar of Mars.

The song <Waddell: Litany> is sung as all march round five times deosil before MARS in procession headed by SCORPIO, ARIES, CAPRICORNUS.

Strike, strike the louder chord!
Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!
Crowned child and conquering Lord!
Horus, avenger!

All resume stations.

Brother Aries, let us invoke the Master of the Battle.

BRO. ARIES
advances and kneels to MARS

Mighty and Terrible One, we beseech thee to lead us in the Battle. Here, by thy Symbols, thy Spear, the Sword, and the Drum, we pray thee to strengthen our arms and to defend our hearts. For we are thy chosen warriors, O thou Master of the Battle!

Silence.

We now invoke thee, O Ama-Inanna, whom our Brethren worshipped in the days of ancient Babylon, great Goddess of Love and War, who made love and war to Gilgames, the ruler of thine own city Erech. We invoke thee, our Mother, that thou entreat for us with the Master of Battles.

SOR. SCORPIO

To what end do we ask the aid of the Lord Mars?

BRO. ARIES

Unto Jupiter we have given the thunderbolt and the lightning-flash; for we seek to enthrone him in the stead of Saturn his father. But Saturn yet reigns; we need the Sword of Mars.

SOR. SCORPIO

My heart and hand are with you, children.

She plays. <Beethoven: Romance in G>

MARS

starts up and recites:

1. ... The Dukes of Edom were amazed: Trembling took hold on the mighty of Moab!

2. Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir; when thou marchedst out of the Field of Edom; the earth trembled, and the heaven dropped: the clouds also dropped water.

3. Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty!

4. The river Kishon swept them away: that ancient river, the river Kishon!

5. Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!

1. He bowed the Heavens also and and came down: and darkness was under his feet: at the Brightness that was before him thick clouds passed: hail stones and flashes of fire!

2. The Lord thundred through the Heavens, and the Highest gave forth his voice; hailstones and flashes of fire!

3. He sent forth his arrows and scattered them: He hurled forth his lightnings and destroyed them!

4. The Channels of the Waters were seen: and the Foundations of the World were discovered.

5. At thy Rebuke, oh Lord! At the Blast of the Breath of thy Nostrils!

1. Oh Lord! I have heard thy Speech, and was afraid!

2. The Voice of the Lord is upon the Waters.
The God of Glory thundereth!
The Lord is upon many Waters.

3. The Voice of the Lord is strong and powerful!
The Voice of the Lord is full of Majesty!

4. The Voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars!
Yea! the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon!

5. The Voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire!
Yea! the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh!

1. Eloah came out of Temani of Edom: And the Holy One from Mount Paran:

2. He had Karnaim in his hand; and there was the Hiding of his Power.

3. Before him went the Pestilence; and Flaming Fire went forth at his feet.

4. He stood, and measured the Earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the Nations.

5. And the Everlasting Mountains were scattered; the Perpetual Hills did bow!

1. Was the Lord displeased against the Rivers?
Was thine anger kindled against the Rivers?
Was thy wrath kindled against the Sea?
That thou didst ride upon thy Horses and thy Chariots of Salvation?

2. The Mountains saw thee and they trembled. The deluge of Water rolled by: the Deep uttered his voice; and lifted up his hands on high.

3. The Sun and the Moon stood still in their habitations.
At the light of thine arrows they went, at the shaking of thy glittering spear!

4. Thou didst march through the Land in thine indignation: thou didst thresh the Heathen in thine anger.

5. Thou didst march through the sea with thine Horses: through the Depth of the Mighty Waters!

CAPRICORNUS starts up wildly and dances the dance of MARS.

CAPRICORNUS falls on floor near his place.

SOR. SCORPIO

Brother Aries, let us crown the Master of Battles.

They advance to altar. SOR. SCORPIO takes crown and crowns MARS, all PROBATIONERS joining in chant as before.

BRO. MARS

May Victory crown your arms!

PROBATIONERS

Let us join battle! We conquer! We conquer.

CAPRICORNUS
rushes forward and threatens them, reciting:

My head is split. The crashing axe
Of the agony of things shears through
The stupid skull: out spurt the brains.
The universe revolves, then cracks,
Then roars in dissolution due;
And I am counting up the gains
And losses of a life afire
With dust of thought and dulled desire.

SCORPIO, as if alarmed at the interruption, flees to throne of MARS and there with MARS defies the rabble. BRO. ARIES rallies PROBATIONERS.

So, all is over. I admit
Futility the lord of will.
Life was an episode for me.

As for the meanest monad, knit
To man by mightier bonds than skill
Of subtle-souled psychology.
May sever. Aim in chaos? None.
The soul rolls senseless as the sun.

All are driven back up to altar.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS
(Ends)

There is no God.

MARS
Leaps up and goes to altar with uplifted sword.

1. Silence!

A pause.

There is no God -- but God!

ARIES and PROBATIONERS dance a war dance.

CAPRICORNUS slinks from temple.

MARS
(recites)
This is the day which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,

And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep;

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour

Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep,

And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance --
These are the seals of that most firm assurance

Which bars the pit over Destructions's strength;

And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free

The serpent that would clasp her with his length,

These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;

To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;

To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

SCORPIO plays in accordance <Vieuxtemps: Polonaise>

BRO. ARIES

Hail to Thee that sailest heavenwards!
Hail to Thee in whose eye is a Flame of Fire!
Hail, Lord of the Destroying Army!

MARS

Hail, brethren.

BRO. ARIES

Hail unto Thee, that hast fought at the side of our Lord in the great Battle!
Hail unto Thee, our Lady of Tumult!
Terrible and beautiful was thou in the midst of the battle, upon thy chariot!
Hail unto Thee, as unto thy Lord!

SOR. SCORPIO

Hail, brethren!

BRO. ARIES

Let us rejoice in our victory!

He leads PROBATIONERS in the triumphal dance which becomes slow and voluptuous.

A pause.

BRO. ARIES
to seal his triumph

1-4444.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS
(without)

4444-1.

BRO. ARIES extinguishes all lights.

SCORPIO plays love poem. <Franz Ries: Romance>

MARS *recites:*
Who is this maiden robed for a bride,

White shoulders and bright brows adorable,

The flaming locks that clothe her, and abide,

As God were bathing in the fire of Hell?

They change, they grow, they shake

As sunlight on the lake:

They hiss, they glisten on her bosom bare.

O maiden, maiden queen!

The lightning flows between

Thy mounting breasts, too magically fair.

Draw me, O draw me to a dreaming death!

Send out thine opiate breath,

And lull me to the everlasting sleep,

That, closing from the kisses of disdain

To ecstasy of pain,

I may sob out my life into their dangerous deep.

Who cometh from the mountain as a tower

Stalwart and set against the fiery foes!

Who, breathing as a jasmine-laden bower?

Who, crowned and lissome as a living rose?

Sharp thorns in thee are set;

In me, in me beget

The dolorous despair of this desire.

Thy body sways and swings

Above the tide of things,

Laps me as ocean, wraps me round as fire!

Ye elemental sorceries of song,

Surge, strenuous and strong,

Seeking dead dreams, the secret of the shrine;

So that she drain my life and being up

As from a golden cup,

To mingle in her blood, death's kiss incarnadine.

Who cometh from the ocean as a flower?

Who blossometh above the barren sea,

Thy lotus set beneath thee for a bower,

Thine eyes awakened, lightened, fallen on me?

O Goddess, queen, and wife!

O lady of my life!

Who set thy stature as a wood to wave?

Whose love begat thy limbs?

Whose wave-washed body swims

That nurtured thee, and found herself a grave?

But thou, O thou, hast risen from the deep!

All mortals mourn and weep

To see thee, seeing that all love must die

Besides thy beauty, see thee and despair!

Deadly as thou art fair,

I cry for all mankind -- they are slain, even as I!

SOR. SCORPIO takes crown off.

A pause.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS dances the dance of Vulcan to anvil-music in gradually increasing red light, at end rushes to throne and finds MARS and SCORPIO, their weapons laid aside, in each other's arms.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS

Ah, wanton!

SOR. SCORPIO takes violin and charms the offended deity, who retires pacified. <Wieniawski: Romance from 2nd Concerto>

MARS

Brethren in arms, this is not defeat, but victory! For though I be dethroned, not to Me, not to our lady was the glory. For always is the true God hidden -- behold!

One turns on the white light, and there stands SOL IN ARIES upon the throne of the East.

MARS *goes to him and recites:*
Unity uttermost showed,

I adore the might of thy breath,

Supreme and terrible God

Who makest the Gods and death

To tremble before thee: --

I, I adore thee!

He kneels.
O Hawk of gold with power enwalled,
Whose face is like an emerald;
Whose crown is indigo as night;

Smaragdine snakes about thy brow

Twine, and the disk of flaming light

Is on thee, seated in the prow

Of the Sun's bark, enthroned above
With lapis-lazuli for love

And ruby for enormous force

Chosen to seat thee, thee girt round
With leopard's pell, and golden sound

Of planets choral in their course!

He rises.
O thou self-formulated sire!
Self-master of thy dam's desire!
Thine eyes blaze forth with fiery light;

Thine heart a secret sun of flame!

I adore the insuperable might:

I bow before the unspoken Name.

He bows, then turns toward altar.

For I am Yesterday, and I

To-day, and I to-morrow, born

Now and again, on high, on high
Travelling on Dian's naked horn!
I am the Soul that doth create

The Gods, and all the Kin of Breath.

I come from the sequestered state;

My birth is from the House of Death.

He advances to altar.

Hail! ye twin hawks high pinnacled

That watch upon the universe!

Ye that the beir of God beheld!

That bore it onwards, ministers

Of peace within the house of Wrath,
Servants of him that cometh forth
At dawn with many-coloured lights,

Mounting from underneath the North,

The shrine of the celestial Heights!

At altar.

He is in me, and I in Him!

Mine is the crystal radiance

That filleth aether to the brim

Wherein all stars and suns may dance.

I am the beautiful and glad,

Rejoicing in the golden day.

I am the spirit silken-clad

That fareth on the fiery way.

I have escaped from him, whose eyes
Are closed at eventide, and wise
To drag thee to the House of Wrong: --
I am armed! I am armed! I am strong! I am strong!
I make my way: opposing horns

Of secret foemen push their lust

In vain: my song their fury scorns;

They sink, they grovel in the dust.

He turns to SOL.

Hail, self-created Lord of Night!
Inscrutable and infinite!

Let Orpheus journey forth to see
The Disk in peace and victory!

Let him adore the splendid sight,

The radiance of the Heaven of Nu;

Soar like a bird, laved by the light,

To pierce the far eternal blue!

He turns to ARES and SCORPIO.

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands of ill

Hast touched with strength, and they are shivered!

The way is open unto will!

The pregnant Goddess is delivered!

He kneels to SOL.

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he

That hath looked forth upon the Bier

That goeth to the House of Rest!

His heart is lit with melody;

Peace in his house is master of fear;

His holy Name is in the West

When the sun sinks, and royal rays
Of moonrise flash across the day's.

He rises and faces altar.

I have risen! I have risen! as a mighty hawk of gold!
From the golden egg I gather, and my wings the world enfold.
I alight in mighty splendour from the throned boats of light;
Companies of Spirits follow me; adore the Lords of Night.
Yea, with gladness did they paean, bowing low before my car,
In my ears their homage echoed from the sunrise to the star.
I have risen! I am gathered as a lovely hawk of gold,
I the first-born of the Mother in her ecstasy of old.
Lo! I come to face the dweller in the sacred snake of Khem;
Come to face the Babe and Lion, come to measure force with them!
Ah! these locks flow down, a river, as the earth's before the Sun,
As the earth's before the sunset, and the God and I are One.
I who entered in a Fool, gain the God by clean endeavour;
I am shaped as men and women, fair for ever and for ever.

He turns and falls clasping SOL's feet. All prostrate themselves in adoration. SOR. SCORPIO plays her solar chant. <Bohm: Papillon>

SOL IN ARIES
recites:

The world's great age begins anew,

The golden years return,

The earth doth like a snake renew

Her winter weeds outworn;

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains

From waves serener far;

A new Peneus rolls his fountains

Against the morning star.

Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.

A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free;

Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;

And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued.

Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?

Cease! must men kill and die?

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn

Of bitter prophecy.

The world is weary of the past.
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

BRO. ARIES

1-4444. The battle is indeed fought.

SOL IN ARIES

333-333. The victory is indeed won.

BRO. ARIES

Brethren, the Sun is arisen. Let us depart in joy.

SOR. SCORPIO

Let us depart in love.

MARS

Let us depart in peace.

The officers leave the Temple, MARS and SCORPIO escorting SOL IN ARIES, ARIES and CAPRICORNUS following at the head of the Guard of PROBATIONERS.

RITE OF SOL

OFFICERS

SOL. Leopard skin. Nemyss white-gold over white-sleeved robe. Spear.

ARIES. White robe, spear.

LEO. Red robe, spear.

SATAN-TYPHON. Violet robe.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Green robe. (Violin)

BESZ. Black-robe.

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

Sol is enthroned in the East; behind him is a black veil which conceals a great scarlet cross. Before him is a second veil. He is supported by Aries on the right, and Leo on the left. The other officers are without the temple, in waiting. In presentation in public, a third veil divides the temple from the congregation.
THE RITE OF SOL

LEO parts the outermost veil, and advancing, recites chorus from

Swinburne's Atalanta in Calydon.

Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glas that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.
And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death below and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,

With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south,
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Returns. A pause.

ARIES

333-333.

LEO

333-333.

ARIES

Brother Leo, what is the place?

LEO

The Temple of the Sun upon the Mountain of Abiegnus!

ARIES

Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO

Sunset!

ARIES

It is the hour of sacrifice.

LEO

Brother Aries, what is the sacrifice?

ARIES

It is hidden from me.

Silence.

SOL

1-22-22-1.

ARIES

Hark! it is the Summons of the King.

LEO

It is the Lord of Heaven that awakens the Children of the Light.

They draw the veil -- full light -- and kneel.

ARIES

Let us adore the Exalted One!

LEO

Life of Life, thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost forever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fall, as I am falling,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ARIES

Hail unto Thee, O thou that art exalted in thy strength, that travellest over the Heaven in Thy Bark in the Splendour of noon!

ARIES and LEO resume thrones.

A PROBATIONER recites the Twelvefold Glorification of God from 963.

Enter SCORPIO-APOPHIS dressed in a filmy white robe, her hair in disorder.

ARIES and LEO rise and bow.

ARIES

Hail thou! Whence comest thou?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

From the House of God.

ARIES

What bringest thou as an offering to our Lord?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

The House of God is fallen. There is nothing left therein. Therefore I bring nothing but myself.

LEO

Let us burn her upon the altar of burnt offering.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

But in the fire my tears would be dried up; and these tears are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO

Let us throw her to the sacred crocodile.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

But in the water my heart would be chilled; and this heart is of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO

Let us throw her to the winds from the Watchtowers of Silence.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

But in the wind my hymns would not be heard; and these hymns are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO

Let us bury her in the consecrated mountain!

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

But in the earth the worms would devour my flesh; and this flesh is of mine offering to the Lord. Oh Lord, let thy servants return unto their thrones that I may worship Thee as I will.

SOL

22-1-1-22.

ARIES and LEO return to their thrones.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her passionate melody, her siren melody, her despairing Venus in Tannhauser melody. <Wagner: Liebestod from Tristan & Isolde> She clasps the feet and knees of SOL but he gives no sign of life.

At the end ARIES and LEO rise from their thrones -- a pause.

ARIES

(Loudly)

333-333.

LEO

(Louder)

333-333.

ARIES

The hour of sacrifice is past.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

The hour of sacrifice is to come.

LEO

The sacrifice is not accepted.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

The sacrifice is accepted.

ARIES

Depart from us, thou unclean thing!

ARIES and LEO raise her and march from the temple, ARIES leading, LEO following her.

ARIES and LEO re-enter and resume thrones -- a pause.

ARIES

333-333.

LEO

333-333.

ARIES

Brother Leo, this is of evil omen.

LEO

Brother Aries, it is indeed of evil omen.

ARIES

There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

LEO

There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

ARIES

The sun is already setting.

LEO

The night birds are already abroad.

ARIES

It grows very dark.

LEO

The path is too steep and dangerous for any pilgrims to come hither.

ARIES

There is no moon to-night.

LEO

I think there will be rain.

ARIES

Let us close the shrine.

LEO

The disk of the sun is not yet quite obscured.

ARIES

But no pilgrims can come now.

LEO

No pilgrims can come now. But it is the rule of the temple that the shrine is open unto the last spark of sunlight.

ARIES

Brother Leo, I beg that you will close the shrine with me.

LEO

It cannot be.

ARIES

Brother Leo, I know the rule. But evil will assuredly come to us from this.

LEO

Brother Aries, the Law may not be broken.

ARIES

Brother Leo, the Law is made so that the wise may break it at their need.

LEO

Brother Aries, in my heart is fidelity -- fidelity -- fidelity.

ARIES

Brother Leo, a god has whispered in mine ear: it is folly -- folly -- folly.

LEO

The sun will be obscured in a moment: and no pilgrims can come to-night.

ARIES

No pilgrims can come to-night.

LEO

There will be no more sacrifice.

ARIES

There will be no more sacrifice.

SATAN-TYPHON, SCORPIO-APOPHIS, and BESZ enter silently in procession. The light grows momentarily dimmer.

ARIES

Hail, brethren! Ye are come to adore the splendour of the sun?

SATAN-TYPHON

We are come to sacrifice.

ARIES

What are the offerings?

BESZ

Dancing.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

Music.

SATAN-TYPHON

Silence and Stillness.

He prostrates himself and remains motionless.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS bows to SOL and plays an adoration. <Max Bruch: Romance>

BESZ dances in adoration in three-time.

SATAN-TYPHON rises and bows.

ARIES

Whence come ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON

From the dwelling-place of the sun.

ARIES

Who are ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON

I am the twin brother of the sun.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

I am the beloved of the sun.

ARIES

To BESZ.

But who art thou, brother?

BESZ begins to stammer.

LEO

Who art thou?

They threaten him with their spears. BESZ crouches in terror and lurks toward West.

SATAN-TYPHON

I would have speech with my brother the Sun.

ARIES

It is well.

LEO

It is not well. There is danger herein to my Lord.

He bars the way.

ARIES

Speech cannot harm our Lord.

LEO

Brother, if thou be indeed our brother, what wilt thou say?

SATAN-TYPHON

O Sun, my brother, is it thy will that I have speech with thee? For I lay with thee nine moons in the womb of our mother; for we have loved as none have loved; for I am closer knit with thee than light and darkness, or than life and death!

SOL

22-1-1-22.

LEO gives way and returns to his throne, very sad.

SATAN-TYPHON advances to SOL and ARIES closes the veil on them.

BESZ jumps up and runs off crouchingly.

The lights go out.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her serpent melody. <Thomé: Andante Religioso>

LEO

recites.

Mortals never learn from stories
How catastrophe becomes;
How above the victor's glories
In the trumpets and the drums
And the cry of millions Master!
Looms the shadow of disaster.

Every hour a man hath said:
That at least is scotched and dead.
Some one circumstance: At last
That, and its effects, are past.
Some one terror -- subtle foe!
I have laid that spectre low.

They know not, learn not, cannot calculate
How subtly Fate

Weaves its fine mesh, perceiving how to wait;
Or how accumulate
The trifles that shall make it master yet
Of the strong soul that bade itself forget.

A dim red light dawns. BESZ enters, leading four PROBATIONERS who bear the Pastos. They place it before the altar.

ARIES

What is this offering?

BESZ

The eater of Flesh is my name.

ARIES

Oh, our Lord, our Lord! Arise in thy might, and let thine enemies be scattered!

ARIES and LEO draw veil. The throne has been cast down. On the black veil is a great red cross, whereon SOL has been crucified. Before him stands SATAN-TYPHON in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

ARIES and LEO fall as if slain. SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her murder melody. <Waddell: Mort d'Adonis>

Meanwhile, the PROBATIONERS advance and under the direction of Typhon, who stabs SOL in the proper manner with the spear of Sol, take down SOL from the cross and lay him in the Pastos. They cover it. BESZ does his brutal demoniac dance upon the lid of the coffin. Exeunt OMNIS exc. SOL. This ends in complete darkness. Silence. There is a flash of light, and the stage is shewn empty. Only a glimmer remains.

Now SCORPIO-APOPHIS steals on to the stage, and plays a low secret melody. <D'Ambrosio: Canzonetta> The red lights increase.

She uncovers and embraces the corpse. Then covers it again, goes to the throne, and instals herself thereon. The green light dawns and glows brighter and brighter, as the red light dwindles and goes out.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

7777777.

The PROBATIONERS and other officers enter, erect.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

Children, array yourselves before me, and worship at my feet.

ARIES

Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

LEO

Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

I am the Mother of the Gods and the Sister of Time and the Daughter of Space. I am Nature that holdeth sway when the effort of man is exhausted. ... ... Brother Leo, I am the goddess that cometh forth riding upon the Lion. Behold! I strike thee with my wand, and inspire thee. I command thee to declare me unto the multitude.

LEO

Lo! in the interstellar space of night
Clothed with deep darkness, the majestic spaces
Abide the dawn of deity and light,
Vibrate before the passionless pale faces
Shrined in exceeding glory, eremite.
The tortoise skies in sombre carapaces
Await the expression and the hour of birth
In silence through the adamantine girth.

I rose in glory, gathered of the foam.
The sea's flower folded, charioting me risen
Where dawns rose stole from its pearl-glimmering home,
And heaven laughed, and earth: and mine old prison,
The seas that lay beneath the mighty dome,
Shone with my splendour. Light did first bedizen
Earth with its clusters of fiery dew and spray,
When I looked forth and cried, It is the day!

The stars are dewdrops on my bosom's space;
The sun and moon are glances through my lashes,
Long, tender rays of night; my subtle face
Burns through the sky-dusk, lightens, fills, and flashes
With solemn joy and laughter of love; the grace
Of all my body swaying stoops and dashes
Swift to the daisy's dawn of love: and swiftest,
O spirit of man, when unto me thou liftest!

Dawn shakes the molten fire of my delight
From the fine flower and fragrance of my tresses!
Sunset bids darken all my body's light,
Mixing its music with the sad caresses
Of the whole world: I wheel in wingless flight
Through lampless space, the starless wildernesses!
Beyond the universal bounds that roll,
There is the shrine and image of my soul.

I am Nature and God: I reign, I am, alone.
None other may abide apart: they perish,
Drawn into me, into my being grown.
None other bosom is, to bear, to nourish,
To be: the heart of all beneath my zone
Of blue and gold is scarlet-bright to cherish
My own life's being, that is, and is not other;
For I am God and Nature and thy Mother.

I am the thousand-breasted milky spouse,
Virginal also: Tartarus and Gaia
Twinned in my womb, and Chaos from my brows
Shrank back abashed, my sister dark and dire,
Mother of Erebus and Night, that ploughs
With starry-sandalled feet the fields of fire;
My sister shrank and fell, the infernal gloom
Changed to the hot sweet shadow of my womb.

I am: that darkness strange and uterine
Is shot with dawn and scented with the rose;
The deep dim prison-house of corn and wine,
Flowers, children, stars, with flame far subtler glows
Formless, all-piercing, death-defying, divine,
A sweet frail lamp whose shadow gleams and shows
No darkness, is as light is where its rays
Cross, interweave, and marry with the day's!

I am: the heart that flames from central Me,
Seeks out all life, and takes again, to mingle
Its passion with my might and majesty,
Till the vast floods of the man's being tingle
And glow, self-lost within my soul and sea
Of love, the sun of utter light, and single
Keen many-veined heart: our lips and kisses
Marry and muse on our immortal blisses.

I am: the greatest and the least: the sole
And separate life of things. The mighty stresses
Of worlds are my nerves twitching. Branch and bole
Of forests waving in deep wildernesses
Are hairs upon my body. Rivers roll
To make one tear in my superb caresses,
When on myself myself begets a child,
A system of a thousand planets piled!

I am: the least, the greatest: the frail life
Of some small coral-insect still may tremble
With love for me, and call me queen and wife;
The shy plant of the water may dissemble
Its love beneath the fronds; reply to strife
With strife, and all its tiny being crumble
Under my rough and warrior husband-kiss,
Whose pain shall burn, and alter, and be bliss!

I am: no word beside that solemn one
Reigns in sound's kingdom to express my station,
Who, clothed and crowned with suns beyond the sun,
Bear on the mighty breast of foam Thalassian,
Bear on my bosom, jutting plenilune,
Maiden, the fadeless Rose of the Creation!
The whole flower-life of earth and sky and sea
From me was born, and shall return to me!

I am: for men and beings passionate,
For mine own self calm as the river-cleaving
Lotus-borne lord of Silence: I create
Or discreate, both in my bosom heaving:
My lightest look is mother of a Fate:
My fingers sapphire-ringed with sky are weaving
Ever new flowers and lawns of life, designed
Nobler and newer in mine older mind.

I am: I am not, but all-changing move
The worlds evolving in a golden ladder,
Spiral or helical, fresh gusts of love
Filling one sphere from the last sphere grown gladder;
All gateways leading far to the above.
Even as the bright coils of the emerald adder
Climb one by one in glory of sunlight, climb
My children to me up the steep of Time.

I am: before me all the years are dead,
And all the fiery locks of sunrise woven
Into the gold and scarlet of my head:
In me all skies and seas are shaken and cloven:
All life and light and love about me shed,
Begotten in me, in my moving moven,
Are as my tears: all worlds that ever swam
As dew of kisses on my lips: I am.

She draws LEO up to her. The others kneel in adoration. SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her soft voluptuous melody. <Saint Saëns: Romance>

ARIES

Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO

The evening star is arisen.

ARIES

The sacrifice is accomplished.

LEO

What is the sacrifice?

ARIES

Man.

LEO

Who is the priestess?

ARIES

Woman.

LEO

Unto what God?

ARIES

It is hidden from me.

LEO

Let every man depart unto his house.

ARIES

1-333-1-1.

LEO

1-333-1-1.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS

1-1-333-1.

RITE OF VENUS

THE OFFICERS

VENUS. Blue Robe.

TAURUS. Orange Robe.

LIBRA. Green Robe.

PISCES. Crimson Robe.

LUNA IN TAURUS. Silver Robe.

SATURN IN LIBRA. Black Robe.

No officer has any weapon. Venus is throned, and on her right are Libra and Saturn in Libra, on her left Taurus and Luna in Taurus, while at her feet lies Pisces. Her throne is an oyster-shell, as in the picture by Botticelli Before it a veil. Without, an altar; and without the temple, a further veil.

THE RITE OF VENUS

PRELUDE

Full light. VENUS, seated before altar, LIBRA and TAURUS at its sides.

VENUS

7777777.

LIBRA

7777777.

TAURUS

7777777.

VENUS

Brother Libra, I command thee to declare the Secret of Venus.

LIBRA

Recites Swinburne's Hertha.

All present recline and sleep.

I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or soft hair of the grass,
Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the fresh-coloured fruit of my branches, I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources
First drifted and swam;
Out of me are the forces
That save it or damn;
Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast and bird; before God was, I am.

Beside or above me
Nought is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses
My spirit elate;
That which caresses
With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,
Looking Godward, to cry
"I am I, thou art thou,

I am low, thou art high"?
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him; find thou but thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plough-cloven clod
And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
Child, underground?
Fire that impassioned thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast thou known of or found?

Canst thou say in thine heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise,
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen, and shown on my breast to the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me?
Hath the wilderness told it thee?
Hast thou learnt of the sea?
Hast thou communed in spirit with night? have the winds taken counsel with thee?

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and the mountains and thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?
Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,
As my soul in thee saith;
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,
Souls overcast,
Were the lights ye see vanish meant
Alway to last,
Ye would know not the sun overshining the shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited,
The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leaves: ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off; they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what stanches
The wounds in my bark;
Stars caught in my branches

Make day of the dark,
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-coloured hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faiths ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your God that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses adored,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?
For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you; look forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,

Grown grey from his fear;
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,
Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving,
Man's polestar and pole;
Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;
Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I.

VENUS

Having ears they hear not. Brothers Taurus and Libra, let the veil be drawn.

They do so.

PART I

Twilight. VENUS is enthroned on high, swathed in masses of red hair
and roses. The altar is covered with roses; there is a small flame thereon.

TAURUS and LIBRA draw the inner veil apart. LIBRA returns and kneels.

LIBRA

Daughter of Glory, child
Of Earth's Dione mild
By the Father of all, the Ægis-bearing King!
Spouse, daughter, mother of God,
Queen of the blest abode
In Cyprus' splendour singly glittering.
Sweet sister unto me,
I cry aloud to thee!
I laugh upon thee laughing, O dew caught up from sea!

Drawn by sharp sparrow and dove,
And swan's wide plumes of love,
And all the swallow's swifter vehemence,
And, subtler than the Sphinx,
The ineffable iynx
Heralds thy splendour swooning into sense,
When from the bluest bowers
And greenest-hearted hours
Of Heaven thou smil'st toward earth, a miracle of flowers!

Down to the loveless sea
Where lay Persephone
Violate, where the shade of earth is black,
Crystalline out of space
Flames the immortal face!
The glory of the comet-tailed track
Blinds all black earth with tears.
Silence awakes and hears
The music of thy moving come over the starry spheres.

Wrapped in rose, green, and gold,
Blues many and manifold,
A cloud of incense hides thy splendour of light;
Hides from the prayer's distress
Thy loftier loveliness,
Till thy veil's glory shrouds the earth from night;
And silence speaks indeed,
Seeing the subtler speed
Of its own thought than speech of the Pandean reed!

LIBRA returns.

VENUS

7777777.

SATURN

Amen.

VENUS

333-1-333.

SATURN

Amen.

VENUS

1-55555-1.

LIBRA and PISCES

Amen.

VENUS

Brother Saturn, what is the hour?

SATURN

Twilight.

VENUS

Sister Pisces, from whose house are we come out?

PISCES

From the House of Death.

VENUS

Brother Taurus, what is stronger than death?

TAURUS

Love.

VENUS

Brother Libra, what is the place?

LIBRA

The Mountain of Venus, that hangeth from the navel of the Universe over the Great Abyss.

VENUS

Let us celebrate the Rite of Venus.

LUNA plays a waltz tune. The PROBATIONERS dance together.

VENUS

Children of Love, what is the hour?

ALL

A confused murmur.

It is the hour of love.

ALL sink down together. The lights go out. A long pause.

PART II
VENUS

(Awakening.)

333-1-333.

VENUS is brilliantly illuminated; the rest remain dark.

VENUS

Little brother, what is the hour?

PISCES

The dawn is at hand.

VENUS

Little brother, what is the place?

TAURUS

It is the holy mountain of our Lady Venus.

VENUS

Children, awake and rejoice.

LIBRA

Awake and rejoice.

PISCES

How shall we rejoice?

TAURUS

As our Lady hath appointed.

LIBRA

As you like it.

PISCES

Wherein shall we rejoice?

TAURUS

In our Lady Venus.

LIBRA

In what you will.

TAURUS

Thy will, our lady, and not ours be done!

PISCES

Mistress, let the adorations be performed!

VENUS

Children, array yourselves before me, and rejoice in the adorations of my beauty.

They form, each with his partner. LIBRA disappears behind veil.
TAURUS recites invocation.

TAURUS

Salutation to Hathor, holy cow in the pastures of Evening.

Salutation to Hathor, in the Mountain of the West; in the land of perfect Peace, Salutation.

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy breath.

Salutation to Hathor, the child of Isis and of Nephthys!

Salutation to Hathor, the bride of Apis, of Apis that hath the beetle upon his tongue!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy breath.

Salutation to Hathor, whose necklace is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Amennti.

Salutation to Hathor, whose girdle is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Seb!

Salutation to Hathor, whose sandals are of the Souls of the blessed ones of Nu!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy breath.

Returns to his throne.

VENUS

Brother Libra, art thou silent?

A pause.

Brother Libra, where art thou?

LIBRA still hidden, recites from Swinburne's Atalanta.

Another Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon" by
A. C. Swinburne

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before the thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal wreath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

For an evil blossom was born
Of sea-foam and the frothing of blood,
Blood-red and bitter of fruit,
And the seed of it laughter and tears,
And the leaves of it madness and scorn
A bitter flower from the bud,
Sprung of the sea without root,
Sprung without graft from the years.

The weft of the world was untorn
That is woven of the day on the night,
The hair of the hours was not white
Nor the raiment of time over-worn,
When a wonder, a world's delight,
A perilous goddess was born;
And the waves of the sea as she came
Clove, and the foam at her feet,
Fauning, rejoiced to bring forth
A freshly blossom, a flame
Filling the heavens with heat
To the cold white ends of the north.
And in the air the clamorous birds,

And men upon earth that hear
Sweet articulate words
Sweetly divided apart,
And in shallow channel and mere
The rapid and footless herds,
Rejoiced, being foolish of heart.
For all they said upon earth,
She is fair, she is white like a dove,
And the life of the world in her breath
Breathes, and is born at her birth;
For they knew thee for mother of love,
And knew thee not mother of death.
What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
As a flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life;
For life was not then as thou art,
But as one that waxeth in years
Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;
Earth had no thorn, and desire
No sting, neither death any dart;
What hadst thou to do among these,
Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou, girt with sorrow of heart,
Thou, sprung from the seed of the seas
As an ear from a seed of corn,
As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
For division of soul and diseas,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn!
What ailed thee then to be born?
Was there not evil enough,
Mother, and anguish on earth
Born with a man at his birth,
Wastes underfoot, and above,
Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof
Wrecks from afar overseas
And perils of shallow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,

That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?

Thou shouldst not so have been born:
But death should have risen with thee,
Mother, and visible fear,
Grief, and the wringing of hands,
And noise of many that mourn;
The smitten bosom, the knee
Bowed, and in each man's ear
A cry as of perishing lands,
A moan as of people in prison,
A tumult of infinite griefs;
And thunder of storm on the sands,
And wailing of wives on the shore;
And under thee newly arisen,
Loud shoals and shipwrecking reefs,
Fierce air and violent light:
Sail rent and sundering oar,
Darkness and noises of night
Clashing of streams in the sea,
Wave against wave as a sword,
Clamor of currents, and foam;
Rains making ruin on earth,
Winds that wax ravenous and roam
As wolves in a wolvish horde;
Fruit growing faint in the tree,
And blind things dead in their birth;
Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

LIBRA appears and confronts her;

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare?
In the uttermost ends of the sea
The light of thine eyelids and hair,
The light of thy bosom as fire
Between the wheel of the sun
And the flying flames of the air?
Wilt thou turn thee not yet nor have pity,
But abide with despair and desire
And the crying of armies undone,
Lamentation of one with another,

And breaking of city by city;
The dividing of friend against friend,
The severing of brother and brother;
Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

VENUS

Nay, brother, thou art the chiefest of my chosen.

LIBRA

Alas.

VENUS

Yea, brother: in the end all turn to me, and all return to me.

Isis am I, and from my life are fed
All showers and suns, all moons that wax and wane;
All stars and streams, the living and the dead,
The mystery of pleasure and of pain.
I am the mother! I the speaking sea!
I am the earth and its fertility!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me --

To me!

Hathoor am I, and to my beauty drawn
All glories of the Universe bow down,
The blossom and the mountain and the dawn,
Fruit's blush, and woman, our creations's crown.
I am the priest, the sacrifice, the shrine,
I am the love and life of the divine!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness are surely mine --

Are mine!

Venus am I, the love and light of earth,
The wealth of kisses, the delight of tears,
The barren pleasure never come to birth,

The endless, infinite desire of years.
I am the shrine at which thy long desire
Devoured thee with intolerable fire.
I was song, music, passion, death, upon thy lyre --

Thy lyre!

I am the Grail and I the Glory now:
I am the flame and fuel of thy breast;
I am the star of God upon thy brow;
I am thy queen, enraptured and possessed.
Hide thee, sweet river; welcome to the sea,
Ocean of love that shall encompass thee!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me --

To me!

PISCES performs a sleepy sinuous dance by herself, and returns to
Venus' throne lapsed into herself, and as if exhausted.

Rise, rise, my knight! My king! My love, arise! See the grave avenues of Paradise, The dewy larches bending at my breath, Portentous cedars prophesying death!

She is interrupted by the Violin of the throned LUNA, who plays her
unutterable melody. <Beethoven: Romance in D> PISCES manifests distress.

VENUS

Brother Libra, what is this song?

LIBRA

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,

Borne to the Ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided;
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

We have past Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's Smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulphs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;
A paradise of vaulted bowers,
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously!

VENUS manifests distress. PISCES slips away to the throne of LUNA.

LUNA plays her conquering melody. <Wieniawski: Polonaise in D>

VENUS

Oh! Oh!

LIBRA

Holier than pleasure is pain; nobler is abstinence than indulgence; from sloth and faith we turn to toil and science; from the tame victories of the body to the wild triumphs of the mind.

VENUS

It is the ruin of the temple.

LIBRA

For from thee cometh the Utterance of the Present; but of the Future no word.

VENUS

And thou wilt?

LIBRA

The Word.

SATURN comes out and dances his dance, and falls, clasping the hem of LIBRA'S robe.

VENUS

Who is this? These are not my dances; these footsteps tread not my measures; not me he worships by the paces and pauses of his feet!

LUNA plays a wild and horrible melody. <Paganini: Witches' Dance>

SATURN drags LIBRA backwards into the dusk.

The PROBATIONERS group similarly; MARS with MARS and VENUS with VENUS. Some, too, stand isolated.

VENUS

Brother Taurus, art thou faithful, thou alone?

TAURUS

Seductively yet ironically.

Knowest thou not me?

VENUS

Yea, my beloved, Lord of all my doves.

TAURUS

Venus, our Lady!

VENUS

Come unto me!

She half rises and draws him to her.

TAURUS

Within the veil?

VENUS

There is no veil before my shrine!

She unfastens his robe. As it falls he leaps up with the Caduceus, as MERCURY, and tramples her beneath his feet.

TAURUS

In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word was God!

All come forward; SATURN with LIBRA linked; LUNA and PISCES linked; and bow to him.

LUNA

The Treason is accomplished.

PISCES

The mind is nobler than the body.

SATURN

Friendship is holier than love.

LIBRA

Nature is overcome by wit.

PISCES

How shall we adore thee?

TAURUS

As you like it.

SATURN

What shall we sacrifice?

TAURUS

What you will.

LUNA plays a moto perpetuo, <Ries: Moto Perpetuo> ALL, bowing in adoration to MERCURY.

LIBRA

Brother, what is the hour?

PISCES

Dawn.

LIBRA

Let us depart unto the work of the day.

ALL

Amen.

RITE OF MERCURY

OFFICERS

MERCURY. Violet Robe.

FR. and SOR. GEMINI. White Dancing Robe and Black Robe.

VIRGO. Green Robe.

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

Mercury is throned between the Twins. At the west of the Altar is Virgo, and his four attendants.
THE RITE OF MERCURY
I

Full light.

MERCURY

22-333-333.

The Speech in the Silence.
The Words against the Son of Night.
The Voice of Mercury in the Universe in the Presence of the Eternal Gods.
The Formulas of Knowledge.
The Wisdom of Breath.
The Radix of Vibration.
The Shaking of the Invisible.
The Rolling Asunder of the Darkness.
The Becoming Visible of Matter.
The Piercing of the Coils of the Stooping Dragon.
The Breaking Forth of the Light.

All being seated, the FOUR PROBATIONERS rise from among the other PROBATIONERS and march to the altar.

FIRST PROBATIONER

333-333-22. Brethren, let us kindle the holy perfumes in honour of the most divine God.

ALL FOUR PROBATIONERS

(While he does so)

Hail unto the most divine Lord Mercury!

FIRST PROBATIONER

To FR. GEMINI

Our Brother, child of the Voice, we ask Thee for thy help. Wilt thou purify the Temple, that we may proceed with the invocations?

FR. GEMINI

I am one with you, Brethren!

He rises and performs the Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram.
While he does so, the FOUR PROBATIONERS stand facing the assembly.

FR. GEMINI

Let the rites of Mercury be celebrated.

They turn round, facing the altar again.

MERCURY reads Gemini and Virgo sections from 963 at altar.

The big lights are put out; only a small purple light remains.

FIRST PROBATIONER

O Thou Lord of Harmony! Master of the Right Will, Thou who hast brought unto us the divine seeds of self-knowledge -- we, the humble Servants of the children of Thy voice, we call on Thee to lead us out of our Ignorance!

CHORUS OF THREE OTHER PROBATIONERS

We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER

O Thou, Divine Worker! Master of all that is Divine! Herald of all that is coming! Builder of our House! Holy art Thou, Thou that knowest the Supreme Mysteries!

CHORUS

We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER

O Thou, All Good, we call Thee!

VIRGO

1. (Rising.) Not Good alone, Brethren! But all complete in the perfect Equilibrium.

FR. GEMINI

Ay, The Balance must be kept even. Sister, let us invoke the Lord of Knowledge!

VIRGO

He gave unto you, children of His Voice, the Power of the making of fair things. Sing ye unto your Shepherd!

FR. GEMINI

Rises and stands before MERCURY

O Spirit, O Divine Messenger, Mighty One, most mighty circling and all comprehending Divine Bearer of the Wand, hail! Coelestial, aethereal, inter-aethereal, water like, air like, fire like, earth like, like unto light, like unto darkness, shining as do the Stars, moist, hot, cold Spirit, hail to Thee, ever laughing Child-God, all-knowing. Through Thee alone can we hope to reach Light and Truth.

Returns to his seat. SOR. GEMINI plays accordingly. <Brahms: Hungarian Dance #2> A short pause.

MERCURY

At the Ending of the Light,
At the Limits of the Night,
Stood Mercury before the Unborn ones of Time.
Then was formulated the Universe;
Then came forth the Gods thereof,
The aeons of the Bornless Beyond.
Then was the Voice vibrated;
Then was the Name declared.
At the Threshold of Entrance,
Between the Universe and the Infinite,
In the Sign of the Enterer
Stood Mercury, as before him
The aeons were proclaimed.
In Symbols did he record them;
In Breath did he vibrate them;
For between the Light and the Darkness did he stand.

II

The Temple in Darkness

MERCURY

O Light in Light! O flashing wings of fire!

The swiftest of the moments of the sea
Is unto thee
Even as some slow-foot Eternity

With limbs that drag and wheels that tire.
O subtle-minded flame of amber gyre,

It seems a spark of gold
Grown purple, and behold!
A flame of gray!

Then the dark night-wings glow
With iridescent indigo,
Shot with some violet ray;

And all the vision flames across the horizon

The millionth of no time -- and when we say:
Hail! -- Thou art gone!

The Moon is dark beside thy crown; the Sun

Seems a pale image of thy body bare;
And for thine hair
Flash comets lustrous with the dewfall rare

Of tears of that most memorable One,
The radiant Queen, the veiled Paphian.

The wings of light divine
Beneath thy body shine;
The invisible
Rayed with some tangible flame,
Seeking to formulate a name,
A citadel;

And the winged heels are fiery with enormous speed,

One spurning heaven; the other trampling hell;
And thou -- recede!

O Hermes! Messenger of inmost thought!

Descend! Abide! Swift coursing in my veins
Shoot dazzling pains,

The Word of Selfhood integrate of Nought,
The ineffable Amen! the Wonder wrought.

Bring death if life exceed!
Bid thy pale Hermit bleed,
Yet life exude;
And Wisdom and the Word of Him
Drench the mute mind grown dim
With quietude!

Fix thy sharp lightnings in my night! My spirit free!

Mix with my breath and life and name thy mood
And self of Thee.

SOR. GEMINI plays accordingly. <Bach: Sarabande> A short pause.

FR. GEMINI

Master, be it thy pleasure to perform the Invocation of Mercury.

All PROBATIONERS rise and join the four others in front of the altar.

MERCURY

Leaves throne.

Majesty of the Godhead, Wisdom-crowned Thoth, Lord of the Gates of the Universe: Thee, Thee we invoke!
O Thou of the Ibis head: Thee, Thee we invoke!
Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power: Thee, Thee we invoke!
Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and life: Thee, Thee we invoke!
O Thou whose head is as an Emerald, and Thy Nemyss as the night sky-blue! Thou whose skin is of flaming orange, as though it burned in a furnace: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Behold, I am yesterday, to-day, and the brother of The Morrow! I am born again and again. Mine is the unseen force from which the Gods are sprung; that giveth life unto the dwellers in the watch-towers of the universe.
I am the charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past and the Future. I see by mine own inward light; Lord of Resurrection, who cometh forth from the dusk, and whose birth is from the House of Death.
O ye two divine hawks upon your pinnacles, who keep watch over the Universe! Ye who company the bier unto the House of Rest. Ye who pilot the Ship of Ra, ever advancing onwards unto the heights of Heaven!
Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the centre of the Earth!

Behold He is in me and I in Him!
Mine is the radiance in which Ptah floateth over his firmament.
I travel upon high.
I tread upon the firmament of Nu.
I raise a flashing flame with the lightning of mine eye, ever rushing forward in the splendour of the daily glorified Ra, giving my life to the dwellers of Earth.

If I say come up upon the mountains,
The Celestial waters shall flow at my word;
For I am Ra incarnate,
Kephra created in the flesh!
I am the image of my Father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!
The God who commands is in my mouth;
The God of Wisdom is in my heart:
My tongue is the sanctuary of Truth:
And a God sitteth upon my lips!
My word is accomplished each day, and the desire of my heart
realises itself, like that of Ptah when he creates his works.
I am Eternal; therefore everything acts according to my designs, and everything obeys my words.

Therefore I say unto Thee: come forth unto me from thine abode in the Silence, unutterable Wisdom, All-light, All-power! Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, by whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still un-named and nameless to Eternity! Come thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

Thou, Star of the East that didst conduct the Magi! Thou art the same, all present in Heaven and in Hell. Thou that vibratest betwixt the Light and the Darkness. Rising, descending; changing ever, yet ever the

same!
The Sun is Thy Father!
Thy Mother the Moon!
The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom!
And Earth hath nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth.
Come thou forth, I say, come Thou forth
And make all spirits subject unto me!
So that every spirit of the firmament,
And of the Ether,
Of the Earth,
And under the Earth,
On dry land,
And in the Water,
Of whirling Air,
And of rushing Fire,
And every spell and scourge of God, may be obedient unto Me!

A pause. MERCURY goes to his throne.

FR. GEMINI

1. Brother Virgo, didst thou hear the Voice?

VIRGO

Ay, Brother.

FR. GEMINI

Tell me, Brother, is not Mercury a great God?

VIRGO

Indeed, Son of Maia, the greatest of all Gods that tread upon the Milky Way.

FR. GEMINI

It is so.

SOR. GEMINI

Yet, Brother, there is the Sun-God!

VIRGO

Is not Mercury the Sun-God, when hidden during the Night, among the souls of the dead? Hail unto Thee, Trismegistus, Hail unto thee!

SOR. GEMINI

Hail, O Sender of Dreams!

BR. GEMINI

Hail, O Supporter of Bacchus Infant!

MERCURY

Hail, Twins!

FIRST PROBATIONER

Thou art indeed the greatest of all Gods, O Mercury!

CHORUS

Hail, Mercury.

MERCURY

Yet, ye will betray me!
Bury me in a nameless grave!
I came from God the world to save,
I brought it wisdom from above,
Worship, and liberty, and love.
So be my grave without a name
That earth may swallow up my shame!

SOR. GEMINI plays her saddest yet swiftest melody. <Tschaikowsky: Scherzo> A pause.

VIRGO

O, who art Thou, most lovely form that killeth me with the pleasure of Thy Vision?

MERCURY

I am thyself -- that which is of thyself and dependent upon thyself.

VIRGO

Sister and Brother Gemini, kneel ye before the greatest of all Gods.

FR. GEMINI

Alas, Brother! Is the Speech greater than the Silence?

VIRGO

1. Brethren, kneel ye before the greatest of all Gods!

None obey.

MERCURY

1. Silence. ... Thou hast no followers, Brother.

SOR. GEMINI

Behold thine handmaiden! Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God!

She walks to the throne.

MERCURY

Peace upon thee, beloved! ... But the Brethren say sooth. Even Mercury liveth not for ever.

He recites.

The light streams stronger through the lamps of sense.
Intelligence
Grows as we go. Alas: its icy glimmer
Shows dimmer, dimmer
The awful vaults we traverse. Were the sun
Himself the one
Glory of space, he would but illustrate
The night of Fate.
Are not the hosts of heaven in vain arrayed?
Their light dismayed
Before the vast blind spaces of the sky?
O galaxy
Of thousands upon thousands closely curled,
Your golden world
Incalculably small, its closest cluster
Mere milky lustre
Staining the infinite darkness! Base and blind
Our minion mind
Seeks a great light, a light sufficient, light
Insufferably bright,
Hence hidden for an hour: imagining
This vast vain thing,
We call it God, and Father. Empty hand
And prayer unplanned
Stretched fatuous to the void. Ah! men my friends
What fury sends
This folly to intoxicate your hearts?
Dread air disparts
Your vital ways from these unsavoury follies;
Black melancholies
Sit straddled on your bended backs. The throne
Of the unknown
Is fit for children. We are too well ware
How vain is prayer,
How nought is great, since all is immanent
The vast content
Of all the universe unalterable.
We know too well
How no one thing abides awhile at all,

How all things fall,
Fall from their seat, the lamentable place,
Before their face,
Weary and pass and are no more. So we,
Since hope must be,
Look to the future, to the chance minute
That life may shoot
Some flower at least to blossom in the night,
Since vital light
Is sure to fail us on the hideous way.
What? Must we pray!
Verily, O thou littlest babe, too weak
To stir or speak,
Capable hardly of a thought, yet seed
Of word and deed!
To thine assured fruition we may trust
This weary dust.
We who are old, and palsied (and so wise!)
Lift up our eyes
To little children, as the storm-tossed bark
Hails in the dark
Some hardly visible harbour light; we hold
The hours of gold
To our own breasts, whose hours are iron and brass: --
So swift they pass
And grind us down: -- we hold the wondrous light
Our scattering sight
Yet sees, the one star in a night of woe.
We trust, and so
Lift up our voices in the dying day
Indeed to pray:
O little hands that are so soft and strong,
Lead us along!

SOR. GEMINI plays accordingly. <César Cui: Berceuse> A pause.

FR. GEMINI

Brother Virgo, wilt thou not join us who love not Speech?

VIRGO

Hail unto Mercury. He killeth Sol at the close of every Twilight, and hangeth up the sky of Night on the Tree of Heaven, fastened up with the Star-headed nails.

MERCURY

Brother Gemini, do Thou perform the dance of thy Virginal Sister.

FR. GEMINI dances. At the end of his dance, he falls before the altar. SOR. GEMINI and all PROBATIONERS circumambulate round him, then stop, facing MERCURY.

MERCURY

Come, Sister, no Divine Being can be reached, save through Me.

He descends, and joins the PROBATIONERS, leading SOR. GEMINI by the hand. VIRGO, left now alone before the empty shrine of MERCURY, walks slowly in front of it.

VIRGO

Hail unto the Lord Mercury!

A pause, during which all PROBATIONERS bend their heads low. MERCURY stands apart with SOR. GEMINI. VIRGO stands still before the shrine, hooded.

MERCURY

And this word I speak unto ye:

He is heard whispering.

StiBeTTChePhMeFShiSS

A pause.

MERCURY

(loudly)

Konx Om Pax!

Purple light off, white light on. He seats SOR. GEMINI upon his Throne. She plays her babe-music. <G. Boyle: Nocturne>

FR. GEMINI

The will of the Gods be accomplished!

All depart.

RITE OF LUNA

OFFICERS

LUNA. Silver Robe and Veil, Violin. Artemis. The Lady of the Moon.

CANCER. Amber Robe, Cup. Warden of the Holy Graal.

TAURUS. Orange Robe, Bow and Quiver. The Lord of the Bow.

A NYMPH. White robe. The Head of the Dragon.

A SATYR. Black Robe. The Tail of the Dragon.

PAN. Black Robe, Tom-tom.

In the East Luna is throned, Cancer on her right, Taurus on her left. Beyond these the Satyr and the Nymph. At the apex of a descending Triangle, upon the earth, Pan.

THE RITE OF LUNA

One reciteth The Twelvefold Certitude of God, from 963.
The veil is withdrawn.

CANCER

333-333-333.

TAURUS

333-333-333.

CANCER

1. Brother Taurus, what is the hour?

TAURUS

Moonrise.

CANCER

1. Brother Taurus, what is the place?

TAURUS

The Chapel of the Holy Graal.

CANCER

1. What is my office?

TAURUS

Warden of the Graal.

CANCER

1. What is my robe?

TAURUS

Chastity.

CANCER

1. What is my weapon?

TAURUS

Vigilance.

CANCER

1. Whom do we serve?

TAURUS

The Lady Artemis.

CANCER

1. How many are her servants?

TAURUS

Nine.

CANCER

1. Who are they?

TAURUS

Three for the dew; three for the rain; and three for the snow.

CANCER

1. Who are the great Officers?

TAURUS

Thyself, the Warden of the Holy Graal.

Myself, the Lord of the Bow.

A nymph, a satyr --

PAN

1. And Pan!

CANCER

Brother Pan, I command thee to honour our Lady Artemis.

TAURUS

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER

333-333-333.

PAN recites chorus from Swinburne's "Atalanta".
From "Atalanta in Calydon" by A. C. Swinburne

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?

O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoof?d heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The M?nad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

TAURUS

The Goddess stirs not.

CANCER

Silence is the secret of our Lady Artemis.

PAN

Hath no man lifted her veil?

CANCER

No man hath lifted her veil.

TAURUS

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER

333-333-333. It is the hour of sealing up the shrine.

TAURUS

Let us banish the spirits of the elements.

Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram and returns.

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER

333-333-333. Let us banish the spirits of the planets.

Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram and returns.

CANCER

Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN

333-333-333. Let us banish the holy Emanations from the One, lest our Lady's sleep be stirred.

He banishes the Sephiroth by the appointed Ritual.

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER

333-333-333. Brother Taurus, the shrine is well guarded.

TAURUS

The shrine is perfectly guarded.

SATYR

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER

333-333-333.

PAN
Hear me, Lord of the Stars!

For thee I have worshipped ever

With stains and sorrows and scars,

With joyful, joyful endeavour.

Hear me, O lily-white goat!

O crisp as a thicket of Thorns,

With a collar of gold for Thy throat,

A scarlet bow for Thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air,

I build Thee a shrine of yew.

All green is the garland I wear,

But I feed it with blood for dew!

After the orange bars

That ribbed the green west dying

Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,

I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose

With breasts slow heaving in splendour

Drops wine from her infinite snows,

Ineffably, utterly, tender.

O moon! ambrosial moon!

Arise on my desert of sorrow,

That the magical eyes of me swoon

With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago

I stood on the bank of a river,

Holy and holy and holy, I know,

For ever and ever and ever!
A priest in the mystical shrine,
I muttered a redeless rune,
Till the waters were redder than wine
In the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests
Worshipped a wonderful woman
With a body lithe as a beast's
Subtly, horribly human.
Deep in the pit of her eyes
I saw the image of death,
And I drew the water of sighs
From the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever,
Brooding over the waste.
She hath stirred or spoken never.
She is fiercely, manly chaste!
What madness make me awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
That her poisonous body held?

By night I ravished a maid
From her father's camp to the cave.
I bared the beautiful blade:

I dipped her thrice i' the wave;
I slit her throat as a lamb's
That the fount of blood leapt high
With my clamorous dithyrambs,
Like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song
I rent the mysterious veil:
My eyes gaze long and long
On the deep of that blissful bale.
My cold grey kisses awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
That her beautiful body held

But -- God! I was not content
With the blasphemous secret of years;
The veil is hardly rent
While the eyes rain stones for tears.
So I clung to the lips and laughed
As the storms of death abated,
The storms of the grievious graft
By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am
By a stream profane and foul,
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,

In the realm of a sexless Owl,
I am set apart from the rest
By meed of the mystic rune
That reads in peril and pest
The ambrosial moon -- the moon!

For under the tawny star
That shines in the Bull above
I can rein the riotous car
Of galloping, galloping Love;
And straight to the steady ray
Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,
Pointing my flaming way
With the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!
Chalcedony clouds of caresses
About the flame of our feet,
The night of our terrible tresses!
Is it a wonder, then,
If the people are mad with blindness,
And nothing is stranger to men
Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow
Whose heart is sober and stout!
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!

Let the soul of his God flow out!
Whether a snake or a sun
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,
It is nothing; every one
Shall win to the moon at last.

The mage has wrought by his art
A billion shapes in the sun.
Look through to the heart of his heart,
And the many are shapes of one!
An end to the art of the mage,
And the cold grey blank of the prison!
An end to the adamant age!
The ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lily-white goat
For the price of a crown of thorns,
A collar of gold for its throat,
A scarlet bow for its horns;
I have bought a lark in the lift
For the price of a butt of sherry:
With these, and God for a gift,
It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread
A garden of poppies and clover;
For a water bitter and dead,

A foam of fire flowing over.

From the Lamb and his prison fare

And the Owl's blind stupor, arise!

Be ye wise, and strong, and fair,

And the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon,

By the strong immemorial spell,

By the subtle veridical rune

That is mighty in heaven and hell!

Drip thy mystical dews

On the tongues of the tender fauns,

In the shade of initiate yews,

Remote from the desert dawns!

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.

Bring your beauty to man!

I am the mate for ye all;

I am the passionate Pan.

Come, O come to the dance,

Leaping with wonderful whips,

Life on the stroke of a glance,

Death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond,

Shed in a secret sinew,

Smitten through by the fond

Folly of wisdom in you!

Come, while the moon (the moon!)

Sheds her ambrosial splendour,

Reels in the redeless rune

Ineffably, utterly, tender!

Hark! the appealing cry

Of deadly hurt in the hollow: --

Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!

Smitten to death by Apollo.

Swift, O maiden moon,

Send thy ray-dews after;

Turn the dolorous tune

To soft ambiguous laughter!

Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!

Surely your comfort is over:

All we laugh at you lorn.

Ours are the poppies and clover!

O that mouth and eyes,

Mischievous, male, alluring!

O that twitch of the thighs,

Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now!

Where the sage and his doubt?

Surely the sweat of the brow

Hath driven the demon out

Surely the scented sleep

That crowns the equal war

Is wiser than only to weep --

To weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year,

The decadent days of October,

I come to thee, God, without fear;

Pious, chaste, and sober.

I solemnly sacrifice

This first-fruit flower of wine

For a vehicle of thy vice,

As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by

I pray thee give to me one;

A lover stronger than I,

A moon to swallow the sun!

May he be like a lily-white goat,

Crisp as a thicket of thorns,

With a collar of gold for this throat,

A scarlet bow for his horns!

CANCER

May our Lady Artemis be favourable!

TAURUS

May our Lady Artemis never be awakened!

NYMPH comes forward and dances her virginal dance.

PAN

Of what worth is the gold in the mine?

CANCER

Brother Pan, be silent.

NYMPH

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER

333-333-333.

PAN

Recites.

Mother of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music awake!
Silence and Speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at stake.
By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the Snake and the Sword;
I am he that is sworn to endure -- Bring us the word of the Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening, whose God was my sire;
By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning, the King of the Spirits of Fire;
By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the Hosts of the Sea,
The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the King of the Spirits of Air,
In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;

By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of the Spirits of Earth
That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my birth;

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure; by the Dagger and Disk I constrain;
I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!
I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake and the Sword;
Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord;

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm of the air,
As the quake of the earth -- let it soar for a boon, for a bane, for a snare,
For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for a sword --
Bring us thy burden of bliss -- Bring us the word of the Lord!

TAURUS

In vain thou askest speech from our Lady of Silence:

CANCER

Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN

333-333-333.

Recites.

Roll through the caverns of matter, the world's irremovable bounds!
Roll, ye wild billows of ether! the Sistron is shaken and sounds!
Wild and sonorous the clamour, vast in the region of death.
Live with the fire of the Spirit, the essence and flame of the breath!

Sound, O sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark, where the chained ones shall tremble and flee!
Gleam in the skies of the dusk, for the Light of the Dawn is in me!
Light on the forehead and life in the nostrils, and love in the breast,
Shine, O Thou Star of the Dawning, thou Sun of the Radiant Crest!

Shine, O shine!

Flame through the sky in the strength of the chariot-wheels of the Sun!
Flame, ye young fingers of light, on the west of the morning that run!
Flame, O thou Meteor Car, for my fire is exalted in thee!
Lighten the darkness and herald the daylight, and waken the sea!

Flame, O flame!

Crown Her, O crown Her with stars as with flowers for a virginal gaud!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Light and the flame of the down- rushing Sword!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Love for maiden and mother and wife!
Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is the Lady of Life!

Isis crowned!

CANCER

In vain thou invokest our Lady of the Moon!

TAURUS

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER

333-333-333.

PAN
Must every star that saves the night

Gleam fearfully afar,

Give no man love, but only light,

Or cease to be a star?

Nay, there's no man since time began

Through the ages until now,

But won the goal of his set soul,

A star upon his brow!

Oh! though no star serene as thou

Shine in my night forlorn,

Come, let me set thee on my brow,

And make its darkness morn!

PAN

Rises.

Brother Satyr, scourge forth these that profane the sanctuary of our Lady: for they know not the secret of the shrine.

SATYR dances the dance of the scourge, driving the officers down the stage, where they crouch.

PAN

Goes to altar.

Brother Satyr, I command you to perform the dance of Syrinx and Pan, in honour of our Lady Artemis

SATYR

And in thine honour!

He dances the dance and falls prostrate in the midst.

PAN

Advancing to the Throne of Luna.

Uncharmable charmer

Of Bacchus and Mars,

In the sounding rebounding

Abyss of the stars!

O virgin in armour,

Thine arrows unsling

In the brilliant resilient

First rays of the spring!

By the force of the fashion

Of love, when I broke

Through the shroud, through the cloud,

Through the storm, through the smoke,

To the mountain of passion

Volcanic that woke --

By the rage of the mage

I invoke, I invoke!

By the midnight of madness,

The lone-lying sea,

The swoon of the moon,

Your swoon into me;

The sentinel sadness

Of cliff-clinging pine,

That night of delight

You were mine, you were mine!

Your were mine, O my saint,

My maiden, my mate,

By the might of the right

Of the night of our fate.

Though I fall, though I faint,

Though I char, though I choke,

By the hour of our power

I invoke, I invoke!

By the mystical union

Of fairy and faun,

Unspoken, unbroken --

The dusk to the dawn! --

A secret communion,

Unmeasured, unsung,

The listless, resistless,

Tumultuous tongue! --

O virgin in armour

Thine arrows unsling,

In the brilliant resilient

First rays of the sprint!

No Godhead could charm her,

But manhood awoke --

O fiery Valkyrie,

I invoke, I invoke!

He tears down the veil.

LUNA plays accordingly. <Bach: Ciaccone>

A long silence.

CANCER

333-333-333.

TAURUS

1. Brother Warden of the Graal, our task is ended.

CANCER

Let us depart, it is accomplished.